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RUFFED OR RUFFLED GROUSE.

American Game Birds.

The Ruffed Grouse, Partridge or Pheasant.

WE see before us one of the handsomest of all American game birds, perhaps *the* handsomest if we except the wild turkey. The Ruffed Grouse, called "partridge" in some States and "pheasant" in others, closely resembles the Pinnated Grouse or "prairie chicken." It is, however, still more highly ornamented, having a regular ruff of feathers which are elevated at pleasure, as we see in the picture above, where the center bird is a cock-grouse drumming on a log in the early mating season.

The Ruffed Grouse is a native of the woods as the Pinnated Grouse affects the prairies. The habits of the bird are not so gregarious as those of the Pinnated Grouse, and it is very seldom seen in flocks any larger than a single brood. It is found here and there all over the Northern and Central States of the Union as far South as Kentucky and West Virginia, but is said to be most abundant in Wisconsin and Michigan. New York and New England have some of these birds left, but they are by no means as plentiful as in the North-west. Further north again, the Ruffed Grouse gives place to the Canada or Wood Grouse.

The rougher and more broken the country, the better the Ruffed Grouse like it, provided it is well timbered with the trees and well covered with the shrubs upon whose buds the birds mainly feed. The buds of birch, beech, and laurel (so called) are the favorite food of this bird in winter and spring. In summer it feeds largely on berries and insects. Says Capt. Bogardus: "It is a beautiful ornament to the romantic solitudes and deep, heavy woods which it inhabits. In places where it is seldom shot at, the bird, at the approach of man, instead of taking wing, often spreads its tail, ruffles up the feathers of the neck, and struts off with the proud air of the true cock of the woods. In the spring of the year, at the approach of breeding-time, and at other seasons just before stormy, rainy weather, the male bird drums at dawn of day. It may sometimes, too, be heard performing this singular feat in the night, and on a sultry afternoon when a thunder-storm is brewing. The drumming is usually made on an old log, and each male bird seems to have his favorite place for the joyous performance. He begins by lowering his wings as he walks to and fro on the log, then making some hard strokes at intervals, and finally so increasing the swiftness of the movement that the sound is like the rapid roll of a snare-drum muffled by a position in the depths of the woods. The sound is very deceptive as to the place of the bird. He may be comparatively near, while his drumming really seems like muttered thunder a long way off. On the other hand, the hearer sometimes supposes the hidden drummer to be close at hand when he is at a very considerable distance.

"I have often seen the tops of old logs divested of their mosses and worn smooth by the constant drumming of the cock Ruffed Grouse, and have stood within thirty yards and seen the bird perform the operation. Just before rain the Grouse drum frequently, and the repetition of this sound from various quarters in the daytime is a pretty certain indication of the near approach of wet weather. The female builds in the Western States about the first of May. The nest is formed of leaves and dead grass, and is built in a secluded place at the root of a tree or stump, or by the side of an old, mossy log overgrown with blackberry briers. The hen lays from twelve to fifteen eggs, and when first hatched the chicks are the most beautiful, cunning, and alert little things that can be seen anywhere.

"In going after Ruffed Grouse we used to take a small spaniel dog, which would flush them out of the brush, and cause them to take to the trees. They are not easy to distinguish, when on the tree, from their sitting upright close to the trunk, their plumage being somewhat the color of the bark. This habit must be remembered by the sportsman when he believes the bird is treed, but is unable to make him out. When several have taken to the same tree, shoot the one which sits lowest first, and the others will not take wing. If the upper one is shot, its fall starts the others off. More Ruffed Grouse are shot sitting than flying. It is a very hard bird to shoot on the wing—hard to hit and hard to kill. Other birds, when flushed in woodland, fly for the openings in the trees; the Ruffed Grouse, on the contrary, plunges right into the densest part of the thicket. The man who commonly kills the Ruffed Grouse he shoots at on the wing is fit to hold his own at any sort of shooting on the wing. The bird commonly rises in difficult ground with a whirr like the sudden roar of a waterfall, and goes away at electric pace for the thickest part of the brake. The birds were scarce in Albany county, New York. The most I ever killed in a day there was six. In Cook county, Illinois, I have killed fifteen in a day. In Missouri, on Shoal Creek, when I was hunting turkeys, I found Ruffed Grouse in fair numbers, considering the nature and habits of the bird, and killed forty or fifty in the three weeks I stayed there. Of all the places I know, the Ruffed Grouse are most plentiful in the timber-lands of Wisconsin and Minnesota and the upper part of Michigan. But it is a bird of very secluded habits, and when settlements have become thick and much of the timber has been cleared off, it disappears. A well-watered timber country, with plenty of thick underbrush among rifts and gullies, is the place to look for it as a common rule, though they are found also in the great woods of heavy-timbered bottom-land.

"In the deep snows of winter the Ruffed Grouse roost under the snow. They dart at it with great speed, and make a sort of burrow beneath the surface. At other times they roost on the ground. When out 'coon-hunting at night, I have often put them up from their roosts on the ground. It has been maintained that they sometimes roost in trees; and as they certainly take to trees readily enough when flushed by a barking dog, and feed on the buds of trees, it seems reasonable to believe that they may sometimes roost in them. On the other hand, many men of experience declare that they *never* roost in trees. I have often seen them in trees very early in the morning, but it was out at the ends of the branches, feeding on the young buds. I will not positively affirm that the Ruffed Grouse never roosts in trees, but I think it never does so when it can help it. In very severe weather, when the crust upon the snow is too strong to be pierced, the bird may seek shelter under the thick boughs of pines, and close to the trunk on the leeward side. It can stand a great deal of cold, and, unlike some other birds, can always find its food—the buds and tender twigs of trees and shrubs—in the hardest weather. The sportsman who goes into the places the Ruffed Grouse frequents will see some of the most picturesque scenes and romantic landscapes that the country affords."

It will be noticed in the picture above, that the cock Grouse, when drumming, closely resembles the turkey-cock on a smaller and more delicate scale, while the hens are much quieter and more sober in their dress than their master. This is the case with all our native game birds, grouse, quail, herons, ducks and so forth. Almost without exception, the male bird has the brightest plumage and most distinctive marks. Thus, the Pinnated Cock Grouse has his head-tufts and orange-colored wattles; the Quail his white crescent; the Ruffed Grouse his starched necktie; the male Heron his bright crest or mantle, according to the species; while the hens of all are plain and sober in their attire, and only resemble the males in the form and general ground-color of the plumage. The male birds are also almost always larger in size than the females, and this rule is found to obtain among all birds, except the eagles, hawks and owls, where the male is generally the smaller bird. Even here, however, the rule of bright plumage prevails, and the male bird alone presents in many cases the distinctive marks which give the name to the species.

OVER THE DANCING WATERS.

A BARCAROLE.

Over the dancing waters our gallant vessel dashes so free along;
Beautiful maidens beside us flash bright eyes over the sea.
Gayly the white sails swelling, the ruffling breezes roam all the sea along:
Carol our merry barcarole, the song of the rovers free!
The white foam glitters merrily, billows are laughing in glee;
And fluttering sea-birds are skimming and flitting afar o'er the sparkling, sparkling sea.

CHORUS.

Over the sparkling, sparkling sea, music and love are roaming free;
Who would not flee away like we, we, we, roving free?
Over the dancing, leaping, endless-sweeping, never-resting sea;
Over the brightly-flashing, joyfully-dashing, sparkling, sparkling, sparkling sea.

The Goddess of Love from the sea came, sprung from its bright foam dancing so merrily;
Sing to her, lovers and maidens, as over its breast we rove!
Sing to the dear ones we love so well, still on the wild waves sailing so cheerily;
Breezes are fair abaft us; and the sea is the place for love!
Flutter ye gallant streamers, sea-birds skim swift o'er the wave;
Lovers and music are coming among you, all over the glittering billows so brave.

CHORUS.

Now over the sparkling, sparkling sea, music and love are roaming free:
Who would not flee away like we, we, we, roving free?
Over the dancing, leaping, endless-sweeping, never-resting sea;
Over the brightly-flashing, joyfully-dashing, sparkling, sparkling sparkling sea.

The Tiger Tamer:

OR,

THE LEAGUE of the JUNGLE

A TALE OF INDIA.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CAVE TEMPLE.

WHEN Luchmee paused at the end of the underground corridor she found herself under the light of a lamp of peculiar construction, made of solid silver and having three large wicks, which gave considerable light. The glow of their flame illumined a broad flight of steps of very easy slope, leading down into the midst of a huge underground hall, hewn in the solid rock and elaborately decorated with sculpture. Luchmee was not learned; few women in India are; but she had heard of the cave temples of Ellora and Elephanta, and recognized the one before her as an excavation of the same kind.

The rock had been left standing in numerous places, fashioned into pillars of enormous thickness; and uncouth statues and bas-reliefs showed the hand of times long gone by. Luchmee could see all these from the summit of the steps, but she saw something else that amazed and frightened her at the same time.

The whole of the underground temple was hung with three-wicked silver lamps, brightly burning, attesting the presence of human beings; and she could see more than one figure flitting to and fro between the pillars.

The dancing-girl instantly drew back behind an angle of the wall, where she could see without being seen, and watched the interior of the temple; for she began to realize that there would be danger in going further.

It was evident that the cave temple of Jagpore had some other communication with the upper air than that by which she had come, and she suspected that this egress must be into a temple above ground, for the figures that she saw wore, without exception, the white robes of Brahmins, the priestly caste of India.

Presently the sound of distant music that came from somewhere overhead confirmed her conjecture, for she recognized the familiar music of one of the sacred dances in which she herself had been instructed in former days, ere she ran away from the Benares temple to become a free dancer in Delhi. As she listened to these sounds, a plan of escape presented itself to her. She knew from the character of the music that the girls were going through the morning dance of greeting to Vishnoo, in the temple overhead, and judged it probable that the underground crypt might be reserved as a sort of retiring-room for all the inmates of the temple.

She did not yet know the secret of Jagpore.

Minutes passed on; the music waned and ceased; the few moving figures she had noticed vanished, and at last the cavern temple seemed to be wholly deserted.

Then Luchmee, with great caution, her heart beating strongly with agitation, stole out of the passage, looked all round her from the top of the steps; flitted down into the cavern, noiselessly as a spirit, and crouched down close to a pillar.

All was quiet, and she mustered courage to rise and look round her. The temple seemed to be empty for the time being, and Luchmee began to flit from pillar to pillar, to where she had seen the Brahmin priests, passing to and fro. She felt sure that in that quarter must lie the means of egress if any existed. As she came nearer, she became aware of the sound of voices; and she stole on keeping the massive pillars between herself and them, till she was close enough to distinguish articulate tones.

Then she recognized the voice of Govinda in conversation with another, whose deep and broken accents told of an old man well stricken in years.

"You think, father, that the people are ready to throw off the yoke of this fellow who has the cruelty of a tiger and the courage of a hare?" said Govinda, inquiringly.

"My son, I know it," replied the deep tones of the old man. "Were it not for this Charlton Sahib who heads the guards, they would have swept the Rajah from his fortress long ago, and with him the Khoda Khan."

"This Charlton Sahib is a good soldier, father. I know him well. His guards are trained to obey orders like the English soldiers. We find it hard to make our men do that, here."

"Yes. He should be disposed of before we undertake anything. He is a man from beyond seas, come here to gather gold. Can he not be bribed, *your Highness?*"

Luchmee started behind her pillar. So Govinda was a prince and in league with the Brahmins. This was a revelation to her.

"The man need not be bribed, nor could he be," said Govinda, quietly. "He is faithful to his salt,* unless his master sends him away. Already his life has been attempted twice by the Thugs, and the third time may drive him from the service of the usurper."

"Heaven grant they may try and fail a third time. But even if he turn against the usurper, there are the English. They will never forgive your Highness for fighting against them twenty years ago."

"The Resident will not oppose me if I drive out this dog. I saw him this very day, not an hour since. He and his government are tired of the misrule and anarchy of Jagpore. If I promise to remain at peace with them, they will support me."

"Is it true, indeed, my lord? Then the sooner we call on the people to rise, the better. Shall we not instruct the fakirs to preach rebellion?"

"Not yet," responded the voice of Govinda. "The time is not ripe. He stole into my place in the palace when I was in the battle at Delhi. I will not stir till he has returned from this hunting party. Rajah of Jagpore, I will judge this traitor on the throne of my fathers or not at all. I would rather roam the jungle another twenty years than be called a coward. But oh, Kalidasa, the rule of the white man is riveted on our necks forever. The nod of this gray old Resident is more powerful than all the spears of the Mahratta horsemen; and that grieves me worse than all."

Luchmee heard the old priest sigh heavily.

"Is there then no hope, my lord the Rajah?"

"None, Kalidasa, none. I have been to their lands and have seen their strength. We are many in numbers, but we are divided into factions, while the English cling together like bees hanging to the roof of their hive. They have guns and machines of war of which we know nothing here, and their iron roads pierce our land through and through. I went there, after our failure at Delhi, that I might see with my own eyes, and I come back at last, convinced that we *must* yield."

"But my lord forgets the protection of the gods," urged the Brahmin. "It cannot be that Vishnoo shall permit his altars to be thrown down forever."

"The white man is wise, Kalidasa. He does not interfere with the religion of the country he governs. If I submit to the English, it will not hurt your temple one whit."

"Then in the name of Krishna, dread lord, submit at once," said the priest earnestly. "If religion be safe, let all the rest go; for prosperity must follow."

"Answered like a priest, Kalidasa. The mollah of the mosque and the white missionary say the same. Be it so: you shall have your tithes and live on the fat of the land."

The tone of Govinda was sad and scornful, and Luchmee peeped round the corner of the pillar to look at him. She saw an old white-bearded Brahmin in his snowy robes; and Govinda, similarly attired, stood beside him at the foot of a rude ladder that led up to a hole in the ceiling. The glare of day streamed down through this hole, dimming the lamplight around, and Luchmee could see a part of the great triple statue of the Hindoo deities in the temple above, which she instantly recognized.* She knew that she was under the principal temple of Jagpore. As she thought of this and of the conversation she had just heard, she bethought herself of a scheme to secure her own safety, which she instantly executed.

She had noticed before that the rock pillars of the cavern were full of deep recesses among their carvings; and she determined to hide the keys which she still kept in her sash, in one of these recesses, to mark the place; intending to use the possession of the means of entrance into the heart of the palace to buy her safety of Govinda. She felt sure, from what she had heard, that he was none other than the missing Rajah Arjuna, whom every one thought to have been killed in the battles at Delhi twenty years before.

Quietly she took the keys from her girdle and slipped them into the gaping jaws of a carved monster on the base of the pillar beside her. All might have been well, had she not miscalculated the depth of the hollow in the mouth of the grotesque. As it was, the keys made a slight but distinct clink on the stone, instantly she heard Govinda and the priest utter exclamations of surprise and attention.

"Who is there?" cried Kalidasa, sharply. "Who dares to lag behind, after the crypt is ordered cleared? Come forth!"

Luchmee stood still, listening. She hoped that the echoes might deceive them so far as to give her a chance to escape.

The old priest called out thrice in vain, Govinda being perfectly silent. Then both listened. No more was said, but the tiger-tamer gave a signal to the priest, which sent them both away from the ladder, exploring among the columns. Luchmee heard the soft patter of their feet going from her, and stole away from the pillar behind which she was hiding. Sure enough, the echoes had deceived the old priest, whose back was turned to her, as he searched busily among the pillars.

Govinda was going in the opposite direction, and silently as a cat the girl stole to the ladder. A moment later she was climbing up, as rapidly as her heavy skirts and loose trowsers would allow, in the hope of entering the temple undetected and mingling with the Nautch-girls belonging to the edifice. She knew that the freemasonary of her craft would probably secure her safety could she reach them, and as she thought of it, a burst of music in the temple announced the beginning of a new sacred dance. Then she looked back down the ladder, and saw that Govinda was coming after her. She was discovered.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOST AND FOUND.

WITH wildly beating heart, but all the rapid dexterity conferred by her long training, Luchmee ran up the ladder and emerged into the temple, just as the Nautch-girls began their dance and song. She found the great building crowded with priests and worshipers, and dived into the midst of the Brahmins in a moment, without looking behind her. The noise and crowd prevented her entrance from being much noticed, and when she glided silently to the side of the girls who were acting as musicians, most people took her merely for a late comer, the more so that she had thrown the peculiar vail of the dancers over her head and shoulders, so as to hide the more brilliant of her jewels and her face. During her threading of the crowd she had held her head down to escape detection by the Brahmins as a stranger, and she knew that none of the musicians would speak during the singing, however they might wonder.

She did not dare look behind her, for fear of meeting the glance of Govinda, but she was none the less able to satisfy her curiosity without turning her head.

An indispensable part of the equipment of every Nautch-girl is a small mirror set in a ring on the thumb, and with this useful little toy Luchmee was able to inspect the faces of the Brahmins behind her. As she expected, the fierce, handsome face of the disguised prince met her eye one of the first, and she felt in a moment that she was discovered, for Govinda was looking straight toward her. He had even detected her use of the mirror, for the eyes of his image in the glass met her own, a sure sign that his bodily eyes could see her reflection.

Luchmee trembled: there seemed to be no way of evading this man; and she hardly dared to hope, as the low melancholy song of the girls went on, describing the loves of Vishnoo and Suriya, while the dancers in the circle executed their pantomime. She felt a dim sense that she could hope for no mercy from the Brahmins while Govinda was there.

The song was fast nearing its climax and she had not long to form her plans, when she began to look round her at the crowd of spectators on the side opposite the priest. There were all classes of society there, the humble half-naked coolie in his turban and waist-cloth; the fat merchant of the bazar with his silk robes and cashmere shawls; the haughty Rajpoot or professional soldier, with his long mustache and swaggering air; the sly-looking moonshee with his gray beard and horn-rimmed spectacles; the vailed princess surrounded by her guards; the humble *ayah* or nurse with her charge in her arms, her face open to the light of day. Nowhere could the girl see any chance of escape or helping hands, for all looked like devotees; and she knew that Jagpore was full of fanatical Hindoos. Her plan had been to escape, as she had done, when in her first bloom of youth, from the Benares temple, trusting to being lost in the crowd; but times had changed with her since then. She was no longer a slip of a girl in the robes of a common Nautch-girl, but a lovely woman in a dress of remarkable richness; and she more than half regretted that she was beautiful and richly dressed, when she reflected on the difficulties it was likely to cause her.

At last she settled on a tall swarthy Rajpoot, as the man whose protection she would claim as soon as the dance broke up; and she gathered her limbs together for the contemplated spring. She looked in her mirror for Govinda, and found that the tiger-tamer had moved close to her, accompanied by two stalwart priests, with the evident intention of seizing her as soon as the music should cease.

With a coolness and daring that showed her to be no common woman, the Queen of the Nautch-girls suddenly rose and glided into the sacred dance, giving it fresh energy for the while, and rendering it impossible for the Brahmins to get near enough to seize her without violating all the rules of religious etiquette.

Govinda made a quiet signal to the old priest, Kalidasa, and immediately the old Brahmin shouted:

"The circle of Vishnoo and Suriya! Form it!"

The Brahmins, who had been standing motionless in front of the great seated statues of Brahma, Vishnoo and Seeva, instantly rushed forward, driving back the crowd and forming a great circle round the dancers.

Luchmee felt that her design was fathomed by more than one, but her courage rose with the emergency. Taking her opportunity when she was opposite to Govinda's side of the circle, and without looking where she was going, she dived down between two of the Brahmins and found herself in a moment in the midst of the crowd that was pushing and struggling for a sight of the ceremonies. Behind her still resounded the rumble of the tambourines, the cry of the girls and the measured tinkle of the anklets of dancers, while round her murmured and seethed the reeking mass of humanity.

As she had calculated, she found herself near the tall soldier, and said hurriedly to him:

"Help me away. I am sick, and must have air."

The big soldier did not deceive her trust in his nature, gathered from a glance at his face. In a moment his broad shoulders were heaving to and fro in the crowd, and Luchmee glided through the smallest opening with a dexterity only possible to a sinuous Nautch-girl.

And then, just as she was congratulating herself on her escape, she almost ran up against Mirza Baba, the Persian moonshee, whom she thought still hidden in the zenanah of the Rajah, yet, nevertheless, there in the idol temple, having escaped in some manner as mysterious to her as hers doubtless was to him.

That the moonshee knew her, she felt sure in a moment. He said nothing, but he planted himself before her in a way to bar her progress, and was imitated by several men who seemed to take their cue from him. The big Rajpoot frowned and hustled in vain, for their further progress to the air was stopped as by a wall by the united efforts of not more than a dozen men in the crowd. Then Luchmee looked apprehensively round, and beheld Govinda and three other Brahmins close behind her, pushing through. In another moment she was seized by both arms, and her conductors began to force her back to the circle.

No one dared to interfere, for every one thought that she belonged to the temple and was therefore under control of the priests. Even the big Rajpoot declined to show fight in her behalf when he saw the white robes of the Brahmins. Quietly but inexorably the priests hurried the girl back to the circle and carried her to her former place among the musicians, just before the music ceased.

With the dance ended the first part of the chief festival of the day, and the people began to disperse; while the Nautch-girls retired in a troop to their own quarters. Luchmee knew that there was no *Dhya*—no "Mother of the Dancers" for these temple bayaderes. They were under the entire control of the chief Brahmin, who held the power of life and death in his hands; and she fully expected to receive sentence for her attempted escape, if nothing else.

However, somewhat to her astonishment, she was taken back to the well from which she had emerged into the temple: and the stern voice of Govinda ordered her to descend. While she obeyed the order he followed her, and they soon found themselves alone in the catacomb, the Brahmins remaining above.

Then Govinda laid his hand on her shoulder and asked:

"How did you get here?"

"I came down from the palace with the keys of all the doors," replied Luchmee, boldly. "If you want to return thither, you must ask the keys of me, for I have hid them."

Govinda looked at her curiously.

"Is that all? Then you did not follow me to practice on my life, witch that you are?"

Luchmee smiled in her most artful manner.

"My lord is pleased to be merry. How can I contend with the omens of Khalee? My lord's life is safe from me."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

THE motley camp of the Rajah of Jagpore was buried in slumber beneath the glowing Indian starlight. The tents, scattered in picturesque irregularity, from the huge red and white marquee of the Rajah to the humble strip of canvas on four sticks under which the cook reposed by his little furnace, were grouped around certain open spaces, called by courtesy streets; the nearest approach to order to which Charlton could persuade the owners. The huge black figures of elephants standing by their stakes could be dimly discerned by the light of the dying camp-fires, for the moon was not to be up before midnight. Camels lay peacefully around and chewed the cud by their piles of baggage, while the horses were neighing and squealing defiance to each other from their picket pins. Now and then a loose stallion would come trotting around among the picketed horses, exchanging kicks and squeals, but these occasional battles were the only things that disturbed the silence, and they troubled none but the grooms of the particular animals fighting.

The Rajah's striped marquee stood on a hillock overlooking the tank of Sultan Baber, and the low shelters of the *sowars* of the horseguard were ranged in a semicircle behind and on each side. Six sentries paced the ground round it, for Charlton was very punctilious about the safety of his chief, knowing how much he was detested by the population of Jagpore, of whom many were among the beaters.

His own tent, large and luxurious as an Indian marquee alone can be made, stood at the rear of those of his men, by itself, overlooking the whole camp. As we have before said, it was wholly unguarded.

At a camp-fire, a little distance off, sat Sirdar Hamet Khan, Charlton's lieutenant, a black-bearded Mahratta, who was devoted to his master. He was talking to Lal Sing, an old comrade, and growling, soldier-like.

"The Major Sahib is a good soldier, Lal Sing, but he is too cautious about the Rajah. We are so weak in numbers now that we have to go on guard three days in the week; and to-night, when we might have a rest, he must needs put on six sentries round that—"

Hamet filled up the gap by an expressive gesture as he pointed at the Rajah's tent. It was evident that the great man was not an object of much respect to his guards.

Lal Sing nodded his head and observed sententiously.

"The Major Sahib is faithful to his salt."

"Yes, and a fool to himself," growled Hamet. "Not a sentry on *his* tent, and only last night the accursed Thugs were around him."

"He should have a sentry, and I have a mind to order on a man," observed Lal Sing, reflectively.

"If you don't, I shall sit here all night to watch the tent. Be off with you, and rouse up the Havildar. Tell him to send two men. It is hard if the Rajah should have six guards and his good angel none."

Lal Sing rose up and departed for the Havildar's tent while Hamet Khan continued to puff at his pipe and watch the tent of his beloved chief, growling Mahratta curses on the Rajah, the Thugs and the hunting party, the while.

He did not see the dark figures creeping out from under the shelter of the Rajah's tent toward him. His thoughts were only on danger to his chief, none to his own life, yet that was where the danger at that moment lay. Khoda Khan had been joined after nightfall by his Thug associates according to agreement, and they were waiting to find the coast clear in the dark, when they overheard the conversation of the two old troopers. As soon as Lal Sing had departed, the whole gang of the Thugs, six in number, crept out from under the shelter of the Rajah's fly, and crawled on hands and knees toward the back of the unsuspicious Mahratta.

A moment later they were in position behind him; Mirza Baba gave a silent signal, and the fatal *roomal* fell on the neck of the doomed man. They had planned their measures well, and there was hardly any resistance. The pipe fell from the mouth of the old soldier as the *roomal* descended; his arms were seized, and he was jerked forward on his face, while Khoda twisted the noose tighter momentarily, and two other Thugs seized the legs of the unhappy victim and kicked violently at his body with their naked feet.

Not a sound was audible in the darkness but a slight shuffling of feet, and the faint gasping gurgle of the choking man; yet there in the midst of the crowded camp the sacrifice to Khalee was safely accomplished, and the Thugs carried the lifeless body with them back to the Rajah's tent almost ere the struggles had ceased.

They feared to be interrupted by the return of Lal Sing, and it was necessary to finish their work in silence by the disposal of the body. Down under the shelter of the Rajah's fly, within a dozen feet of the ruler of Jagpore's snoring head, the assassins crouched and twisted away at the noose till they became satisfied that the soldier was quite dead. They looked out into the starlight and saw Lal Sing come back with two troopers, stumbling along like men only half awake yet, and Khoda smiled grimly as he heard them calling the name of Hamet.

"He has gone to his tent, doubtless," observed Lal Sing at length. "It is of no consequence; I will give the orders. You are to watch the Major Sahib's tent, and allow no one to enter. When the moon rises, you can call for a relief. Good-night."

And Lal Sing tramped away to his tent, feeling that he had done his whole duty; while the sentries began to pace the front of the major's tent in stolid silence.

Again Khoda gave a silent signal, and the gang of Thugs crept out. They were still six to two, and when the sentries had been strangled they could get at the master. Quietly the *sowars* paced their beats, little dreaming of the danger near them, and quietly the Thugs crept along the earth. The six had stripped off their white garments, so that their brown bodies might be invisible in the darkness, and owing to the sandy nature of the ground, trampled up by the horse and elephant tracks, their precaution was successful.

Not a sound escaped them till they were within reach of the doomed sentries. Then there was a sudden startled cry, instantly choked, as the poor wretches found themselves seized by the arms while the noose was round their necks, and thrown down on their faces to the earth, each with a strong man kneeling on his back, twisting at the fatal *roomal* with savage ferocity. There was a slight scuffle as the doomed *sowars* kicked violently out at the earth, but the assassins understood their business too well, and maintained their gripe till the victims were entirely lifeless.

Then Khoda Khan arose, and said in a low voice:

"Take care of the straw."

It was the slang signal to dispose of the bodies for the time, till a regular grave could be dug; and it was obeyed instantly, the bodies of the murdered sentries being carried to the corpse of Hamet Khan, and laid side by side under the tent-fly of the sleeping Rajah of Jagpore.

Then the whole gang walked boldly over to the tent of Charlton, and entered it. Their time had come at last.

There lay the American, on his back on a camp-bed, sleeping as peacefully as an infant, and Khoda tied the knot afresh in his *roomal* as he looked at him.

"At last Khalee is gracious," whispered the Thug. "He has a lac of rupees in jewels in his girdle. *Sweep the floor.*"

Again was the slang signal understood, for the Thugs assumed their proper places to perform their deadly office to the best advantage as they surrounded the couch of the sleeping victim.

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN No. 1.]

* Hindoos and Mahometans in India alike esteem it a deadly sin to be "false to the salt:" that is, untrue to the man whose bread they have eaten. In the Sepoy Mutiny, of 1857, more than one regiment was held to its colors by the idea of being "true to its salt" amid the prevailing disaffection.

* The statues of the Hindoo Trinity Brahma, Vishnoo and Seeva, Creator, Preserver and Destroyer, are seen in most Brahmin temples. Sometimes the figures are separate, sometimes joined together, but the idea of a Trinity is always conveyed.

THE work of fortifying the two lines of defense of Constantinople proceeds with great activity. The government factories are occupied in the manufacture of ten thousand wagons and barrows for the conveyance of material, etc. These fortifications will, when complete, be armed with 800 guns of large calibre. The defensive works are constructed in parallel lines, so that the first is commanded by the second, the second by the third, and so on. They are connected by trenches, with embankments serving as shelter for the infantry. Since the armistice preceding the conclusion of peace between Russia and Turkey, 29 vessels have arrived at Constantinople, mostly from America, with large cargoes of rifles and cannon, and the Turkish people are now armed as well as on the eve of the Russo-Turkish war.

THOSE EYES OF THINE.

Those eyes of thine! those eyes of thine!
Half hid by jealous lashes;
Yet sparkling like the diamond mine,
That through the darkness flashes;
Now brightly gleaming, shyly glancing,
Now bent upon the ground;
Now with their joyful light a-dancing,
My heart is held and bound.
They've sent me wild, my love, my dear,
They've sent me wild, my sweet;
They've sent me wild for love of thee,
They've sent me to thy feet.

Those eyes of thine! those eyes of thine!
With soft enticing glances,
Intoxicating like the wine,
That in the goblet dances.
Those eyes that now look steely gray,
And now as dark as night,
They've stole my senses all away,
With their entrancing light.
They've sent me wild for love of thee,
They've sent me wild, my sweet—
Those dangerous dark eyes of thine,
They've sent me to thy feet.

The Ghost of the Chateau.

A True Story.

A PRETTY little town is Boulogne Sur Mer, as it lies at the mouth of the winding Liane, nestling in its little cliff-basin by the shores of the Pas de Calais. A pretty, sparkling, bright, clean little place is the Basse Ville, the modern town of Napoleon's creation; and a quaint, old-fashioned town on the top of a hill, surrounded by ramparts, is the Haute Ville, the old town of François Premier, which yet bears the marks of its siege by Harry the Eighth of England, in the stone cannon-balls, imbedded half-way in its walls, and to be seen from the glacis.

When you pass through the dark archways of the gates and enter the Haute Ville, it seems like a scene out of some mediæval romance, with its quiet grass-grown streets and quaint, old-fashioned houses, built around interior court-yards, with large, cavernous *portes-cochères*. Very quiet and retired is the old town, where but few people reside; and all business is transacted at the Basse Ville at the foot of the hill, to which you pass by the Grande Rue, into the Place d'Alton, and on by Rue de l'Ecu to the quay.

A pleasant little place is Boulogne—although passed over by tourists on their way to the American paradise on the Seine—and well worthy of better attention than it has received. The vicinity offers many attractive spots to the eye of the traveler who is content to seek them quietly on foot. Portelle, a lovely fishing village four miles off, where every house is a study for a painter, and every old woman owns a spinning-wheel; where the boats are even rounder and more tub-like than at Boulogne, and every object tempts you to sketch it. There is also the column of Napoleon on the cliffs, where the first consul used to stand and review the "army of England;" the quiet village of Wimille, with its quaint old chateau near by; Little Wimereux, where the sailors have built a chapel and hung it full of models—each of his own vessel, saved from shipwreck on the dangerous coast by the Blessed Virgin. There is Capécure, on the further side of the Liane, with its fishing-boats and farm-houses, and where all the "ducasses" are held; though American readers may never have heard of a ducasse. It is a dance, peculiar to the French people, held in the open air among shady arbors, where all classes dance together on the green grass, to the music of such minstrels as can be secured, and by the light of colored paper-lanterns.

And last, near Boulogne Sur Mer, there is the Vallee du de Nacre, with its old chateau and "legend."

The Vallee du de Nacre is as sweet a spot as can be conceived to exist out of paradise. It is within an hour's easy walk from the ramparts of the Haute Ville. The winding brook, that meanders here and there among the willows; the sweet green fields, white with daisies and yellow with buttercups; the fragrant hawthorn hedgerows, where early violets bloom in the shadow of their broad leaves, the mass of towers and pinnacles of the gray chateau, rising over the tops of the tall trees—all form an enchanting picture.

The family of De Nacre had been the grand seigneurs of the Pas de Calais for long generations; and the revolution, while it had deprived them for a while of their old estate, had yet, after its fury was spent, restored to them their old chateau and the grounds immediately around it. But in the lapse of years the old stock had decayed, and become more and more impoverished; till very little property remained to the few survivors of the family, beyond a bare pittance, scarce sufficient for the thinnest varnish of gentility.

This genteel poverty—what misery it entails on its victims! The mortifications and humiliations that the proud spirit has to undergo, rendered abnormally sensitive by its position—the tricks and shams it necessitates, which poverty unaccompanied by pride happily escapes—that keenest of pangs, the remembrance of better days, with its contrast to the straitened present—only serves to intensify the bitterness of the trial.

All this the De Nacres had to endure. The very title of "marquis," that had descended to them, from the time of Hugh Capet, the peasants said—though this was erroneous, "baron" being the only title that dates as far back as Capet—was but a thorn in their side. The old father of the family had dropped it by common consent, and there was no son to take it up; for the De Nacres had been reduced to a family of three individuals—Monsieur and Madame, and Mademoiselle Julie, their only daughter.

A son there had been, an officer in the French navy; but the poor boy had perished, with his ship, on the coast of Africa; and the only hope of the parents lay in the daughter, Julie.

She had been formally betrothed, at the early age of six, to Albert de Favannes, a distant cousin by the mother's side, and one of the very few of the *vieux noblesse* who had retained considerable fortune through the adroit pliancy of his ancestors. Through the Republic and Empire the De Favannes had been violent "reds" and bitter Bonapartists. The Restoration found them as vehement royalists; and when Charles Dix went down in '30, no one was stronger for the "king of the people" than the old Marquis de Favannes.

By this compliance with the various changes of government the De Favannes had retained much of their estates, while still well known to all their intimate friends as true legitimists.

At the time our story opens Albert was twenty-five years of age, and Julie nineteen. The young man, like most young Frenchmen of family, was a soldier. He had served in Africa with distinction, and risen to the rank of chef d'escadron (major) in the corps of Spahis. He had returned to Boulogne on leave of absence; and by consent of the two families his marriage with Mademoiselle de Nacre was soon to be celebrated.

Unlike the generality of couples thus destined to matrimony, Albert and Julie really loved. They had seen but little of each other from the time De Favannes left for Africa at sixteen years of age; and everything each had heard of the other in the meantime had been pleasant, and calculated to produce romantic feeling. They had corresponded for years, a measure conducive to love-making, if the parties are at all in-

clined that way; and on coming home on his first leave, Julie's ripened beauty completed the charm wrought upon Albert by her pretty piquante letters. The wedding was fixed for the following month, and meanwhile the lovers enjoyed their brief season of courtship.

The only thing that marred Julie's happiness was the de Nacre ghost.

Like most old French families, the de Nacres kept a ghost. It was a ghost of which their old servants were rather proud, as forming part of the family grandeur; but which, nevertheless, produced much consternation whenever it appeared. And now it made an appearance.

It had not been seen for a period of ten years. Then it had been visible, just about the time of the loss of the Vengeur, in which young Victor De Nacre had been drowned.

The chateau people had never dared to approach this ghost, but had gazed at it at a very respectful distance, likening it, as seen at that period, to the figure of a child dressed in white.

Julie de Nacre, at that time herself a child, had been taken with a severe fever soon after; when the ghost disappeared, having warned everybody, as the people said, of a coming misfortune; for, like all family ghosts, this one only came as an omen of impending grief.

Julie de Nacre was not more superstitious than her neighbors; but the stories of the ghost had frightened her, and she could not cast off the impression. It had made its appearance soon after she had received notice of Albert's expected arrival, and while she was still somewhat excited over the news. She had never seen the ghost herself; but it had been described to her by the gossips of the neighborhood, as it had been seen by several people returning to their houses at late hours of the night. It was represented as a female figure, as usual, in white drapery, who flitted about the chateau, and over the old drawbridge, as if going into and coming out of the castle.

When Albert came home, one of the first things he heard of was this ghost. The young officer, who had in his time encountered too many real terrors to fear the shadows of them, and who, moreover, like all young France, was given to materialism, made light of the story. In his opinion, optical illusion accounted for much; and Julie was fain to rest in puzzled silence, after a learned dissertation from her lover's lips on psychological phenomena, and images produced upon the retina by the influence of the imagination. Satisfied, however, she was not, even though Albert had talked thus; for on the very next night the ghost was again seen to walk through the garden, and all around the chateau.

Poor Julie had a dream, too. She dreamt that the apparition had entered her own room, and beckoned her to follow it; that she had been compelled to obey by some unseen influence, and that the ghost had led her even into Albert's room, where she had seen the young officer asleep.

She had dreamt, moreover, of being conducted over the drawbridge, and on to the fish-pond, where the white figure left her alone. Then she seemed to fall asleep again, and woke next morning, feeling weak and languid, as if she had been late up at a ball.

The next night Albert proposed that the whole family should sit up and watch, the young officer being suspicious that some trick was being played.

They acted according to his advice, but not a sign of a ghost appeared, and they at length went to bed, without having unraveled the mystery.

The African Spahi was not satisfied with this. He would not submit to a supernatural explanation of the affair, and determined to investigate it by himself. He, therefore, made up his mind to stand sentry next night, alone.

The day passed as usual. Julie looked somewhat haggard, from having passed a sleepless night, but a ride in the afternoon restored her spirits. Albert had never been more affectionate, nor she more happy. As they rode side by side, discussing their plans for the future, Albert de Favannes thought that the world did not contain anything half so beautiful as Julie de Nacre; and she looked proudly at the bronzed face and coal-black military beard of her lover, and wondered if there was such another soldierly-looking fellow in the whole French army. She had for the time forgotten all about the ghost's warning, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour.

In the evening, all the members of the chateau retired to rest early; and by half-past eleven, the whole house was buried in a profound slumber.

It was just at this time that Albert de Favannes's door was softly opened, and the young officer made his appearance. He was fully dressed, with his large dark-blue burnous thrown over his shoulders, and a pair of pistols thrust into his sash. As he came forth, the moon shone through a large bay-window in the corridor, and glittered brightly on the breast of his uniform, and the steel scabbard of the saber he was carrying under his left arm. All was as still as death. The moonlight on the tesselated pavement shone in bright and beautiful colors, as it came through the stained-glass of the bay-window. Besides Monsieur and Madame de Nacre and Julie, there were but few people in the chateau, only the old domestics, with his own servant, Pierre Pitou, a heavy-headed Provençal, who had followed him to and from Algeria.

De Favannes stood still for a moment, and listened intently; but no sound caught his ear beyond the peaceful snore of Pierre Pitou, who lay stretched upon a sofa-bed at the end of the corridor. The young officer advanced softly along the galleries, and entered the grand hall in the center. Here the fallen glories of the De Nacre family displayed themselves to his view, in the tattered banners that rustled by the walls, and the suits of ancient armor that ornamented the hall like old-time squires on guard. Somber and mysterious looked everything in the darkness, and it seemed just the place for encountering a ghost. But if chateau gossip was to be believed, it was outside that the creature was most frequently seen, in the old-fashioned garden, with its high box hedges, trimmed into fantastic shapes.

The young man advanced to the great door, and drew the bolt very cautiously—opening only one leaf, to give him egress.

As he stepped on the drawbridge, the last rays of the setting moon were glistening on the gray walls of the chateau; and soon after the moon went down, and the obscurity became complete.

Crossing the drawbridge, he entered upon a maze of winding walks with tall hedges between them, trending here and there, in apparent confusion. Large old trees cast their gloomy shadows over the path, under whose branches the darkness was intense. With the setting of the moon the sky had become cloudy; and a breeze commenced sighing through the foliage with a sad, mournful sound. The scene was propitious for mystical influences, and the young officer, in spite of himself, felt a sensation of awe.

He advanced into the garden to see if any means existed by which a person playing tricks might enter or escape. While engaged in this exploration he suddenly heard the distant tolling of the church clock of St. Nicholas in the Basse Ville. It proclaimed the solemn hour of midnight. There is something awe-inspiring in the sound of a church clock at night; and there, in the quiet garden, under the dark yew trees, with white statues gleaming ghost-like through the foliage, the first stroke of the bell caused the young soldier to start. Slowly and solemnly the hours were tolled. It seemed as if the clock would never cease striking; and when it stopped at last, the silence seemed more oppressive than ever. Stories that appear absurd in the daytime, take a strong hold of the imagination at night; and the imagination cannot always be controlled by reason. The Spahi shuddered, and drew his belt tighter around him. He began to retrace his steps to the chateau. He had not gone far before halting, unable to trust the evidence of his eyes. A white figure was coming down the walk ahead, and slowly approaching him; though he heard no sound of footsteps.

Suddenly it turned and disappeared behind a thick hedge of boxwood. The spell of inaction at once departed, and the young soldier rushed forward in pursuit. A sudden turn in the walk showed the white figure just disappearing again. But the Spahi was no longer unmanned by superstition. He remembered the path, as one that led back to the drawbridge by a circuitous route; and he darted along a side path expecting to intercept the apparition. He was disappointed; when he approached the drawbridge, no figure was to be discovered, although he watched patiently for several minutes. Again he turned back toward the garden, when, to his inexpressible astonishment, the white form was seen slowly walking behind him. There is something in a dreaded object when discovered behind one, that makes the discovery doubly agitating. The young soldier felt his heart beat violently, but his old military habits involuntarily came to his aid.

"*Qui vive?*" he shouted, in the quick voice habitual to the vedette.

There was no answer. The night breeze sighed softly by. The figure glided silently on.

He drew a pistol and cocked it, again calling out, "*Qui vive?*" Then adding, "*Halte! nom de Dieu! Halte!*" As he spoke the last words he fired his pistol at the moving form.

There came back a wild shriek; and as the smoke cleared away, he saw a mass of white drapery spread along the earth. But a horrible fear had taken possession of his soul. That shriek was in a voice he knew.

The report of the pistol startled the inmates of the chateau, and the whole family rushed out.

They found Albert de Favannes in the great hall, whither he had carried the insensible form of Julie de Nacre, caressing her cold hands, and by every endearing epithet calling on her to forgive him!

All was in vain. The Spahi's aim had been too true, and his betrothed never spoke again. The wretched man had slain his own sweetheart in a sudden access of fear, and from that time was marked for misery.

The young girl, all unconscious to herself, had been the ghost of the chateau. A somnambulist, whenever her mind was under any extraordinary excitement, it was she who had kept the neighborhood filled with the gossip of a ghost; and the more her own imagination had been fed by such tales, the more prone had she become to sleep-walking.

De Favannes survived the shock but a short time. He was soon after killed in Algeria by a lion which he had gone out to meet in the dead hour of night. Julie's parents also died soon after; and nothing is now left of the noble family of the De Nacres, save the old chateau which still bears their name, and this sad legend attached to it.

Amateur Journalism.

Correspondence, papers, etc., intended for this department should be addressed to Junius W. C. Wright, 530 Rayburn avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Amateur Books and Authors.

AUTHORS.

When Amateur Journalism came into existence it brought with it numerous young people whose literary tastes led them to join the ranks, but who were either unable or unwilling to incur the trouble and expense of publishing an amateur paper. Still they wished to take an active part in the work, and most of them chose the *role* of author. They form a large and ever-changing portion of the fraternity, and their writings constitute one of the most pleasant features of our amateur journals. Many of their articles, principally stories and sketches, are indeed praiseworthy, and there are but few who do not write something worth reading, and all such as the latter soon retire. It is a fact worthy of note that those who choose this pleasant avocation generally produce very readable articles after a short experience, and we seldom hear of an amateur author's career proving a complete failure; while some win fame and eminence through the medium of their pen alone. Among those whose names are still remembered, though they have left the fraternity long since, we may mention the following as some of the most prominent:

John H. Gibbons, Rena L. Maynard, W. H. S., Feramorz, F. B. Whipple, J. A. Fynes, Jr., A. N. Demarest, "Karl C. Yelraf," "Skiff," Harry St. Clair, Jr., Fowle, Richard Gerner, David Rutzky, "Blue Streak," Almond E. Pitts, Ernest A. Stowe and Harry S. Barler.

These, with a few others, led the van of amateur authorship in the bygone days, and their names were synonymous with glory and renown. Their writings were certain to be well received and eagerly read by hosts of admirers, and amateur publishers willingly paid them unusual prices. They had their day, however, and one by one they left the ranks to mingle with the outside world, giving place to newcomers, eager to attain the same proud pedestals of renown.

That these successors were worthy of such honors is well evidenced by the long list of famous and well-known authors of which amateur journalism can boast at the present time. A list of them all would reveal the fact that there is a larger number engaged in this branch of the work than in any other. We will give the names of but a few of those best known.

Clifton, C. T. Hat, C. P. Dresser, Mon Myrtle, Fred Everett, Fred Mahone, "Sou Con," Henry M. Frees, Harrago, L. Gronauer, Geo. W. Hancock, Jesse Healy, E. R. Hoadley, Jr., Loreli, Melville, Junius, Wm. F. Miller, Romulus, Nameless, "Old North State," Nettie Sparkle, "Netos," "Pyrrhus," Quintus, Alex. E. Mahdlo, "Sans Pareil," Stanton S. Mills, "Tellie Graffe," The Duke, Trojan, Unknown, Vice Talredi, Winslow, Percy Monroe, Caxton Stanley, John Quilldriver, Horace G. Atwood, J. O. Kerr, H. K. Feather, Geller, Miss Lulu Harrison.

Of the above-mentioned one or two have adopted a special line of writing, and in it have proven most effective. Among these "Harrago" and Geo. W. Hancock have gained reputations as the best humorists in the fraternity, while Winslow, the most famous of them all, a fluent and forcible writer, and a recognized leader, has attained his greatest success as an essayist, and seldom produces a story or sketch that is above the average. Loreli, Nettie Sparkle and Miss Lulu Harrison are among a few of the gentler sex who have had the courage and determination to enter the field and achieve a reputation, and we are glad to acknowledge that their writings are unexcelled. The last mentioned has contributed but little to the amateur press recently and has probably retired.

But one list of amateur authors outside of the general amateur directories has ever been issued. It was published during the present year by Messrs. Gronauer & Jackson, under the title of "Amateur Author's Guide of the United States." It is a neat little volume, well compiled and printed, worthy of patronage, and will prove valuable as a reference-book in after years as well as now.

In concluding we may state that the young aspirant for literary honors will find no school more thorough in which to learn the rudiments of their art than amateur journalism. We have seen articles published that were scarcely readable, not to mention being interesting, whose writers afterward proved among the most talented; and in fact the first articles of all our well-known young quill-drivers were but poor productions, which no doubt some of them still preserve as literary curiosities.

Notes.

A. R. Taylor, ("Harrago"), the excellent critic of *The Amateur* is in his graduating year at the Wilmington High School.

"Our Brotherhood" is the title of a rather flowery yet excellent article in the editorial columns of the *National Amateur*. It reflects great credit on the writer.

An article on "College Journalism" in a recent issue of *Scribner's Monthly* will prove interesting to all, but more especially to amateur editors, who will discover many points of similarity between it and their own work.

We will be pleased to receive specimens of printing from all amateur printers, together with the name of their press, size and cost of their office. We have an article for early publication concerning amateur printers and their efforts.

The Southern Amateur Press Association holds its third annual convention at Memphis, Tenn., February 24th, 1879. Owing to the recent epidemic and the subsequent unsettled state of affairs, there will not be a very large attendance, but what it lacks in numbers it will make up in enthusiasm.

"Branded; or, the Mark of Death," is the title of a serial story just concluded in *Leisure Moments*, each chapter of which was written by a different author. Unknown, Junius, Netos and W. H. Russell each contributed to it in the order named, and the fifth and last chapter, written by W. F. Miller, appeared in the Christmas number.

By slightly altering familiar words we might say the *Egyptian Star* "awoke, to find itself famous," for seldom has an amateur paper become so well known in so short a time as it has. The August number—delayed by the yellow fever—was issued in December, and is devoted entirely to a report of the three great conventions at Chicago. It is the most complete and interesting account of these important meetings we have yet seen.

Horatio Alger, Jr., the well known writer of boys' stories, has offered a "History of English Literature" for the best essay on either of the following subjects: "The orator and the journalist—their influence illustrated and compared." "The value of great men as examples." For the second best essay he offers a copy of "Getting on in the World."

Loyal Sons of America.

WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW TO JOIN THEM—A BROTHERHOOD OF ALL TRUE AND NOBLE AMERICAN BOYS—THEIR MOTTO—

HONOR, FIDELITY, FRATERNITY.

THE REPRESENTATIVE SOCIETY OF YOUNG AMERICA—LIBERTY AND UNION ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

Ecce Signum.

The titles heretofore used by the R. A. L., such as princes, counts, etc., not harmonizing with American institutions, will be done away with in the L. S. of A., and American honors, civil and military, will hereafter be conferred in their stead. Those who have acted or now act as our representatives, and who secure enough to form a wigwam will be fully rewarded. A gold society badge with proper inscriptions will be given, together with such honors and distinctions as their merits and works deserve—we desire and will accept for membership only worthy American-born young men, and we earnestly request each one who reads our column in this journal, to act *at once* as our representative, secure from 10 to 15 young men and send for instructions. Thus there will be no delay in organizing, and they will be in time for a benefit of the L. S. of A.'s Wigwam entertainment, mentioned elsewhere.

MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

Our brothers, and those who are joining our society, if they understand military tactics, will please state their knowledge and experience in addressing their letters to Badius, C. C., and accept such positions and stations as will be duly assigned them—we are greatly in need of competent brothers to officer our forces, and trust they will do their utmost to make this part of our order a complete success—we have encouragement from prominent personages that equipments can be furnished without expense to us. One thing is sure, it will cost our brothers nothing. Let each one secure at once as thorough a knowledge as possible of drills, etc.

THE LODGE BENEFIT.

Arrangements for the entertainment to be given at each lodge-room for funds to procure badges and regalia, and for furnishing lodge-rooms, are nearly completed. New attractions are being added, which will insure success, and will give the members *no expense*. We trust our endeavors to procure these things for lodges will meet the approbation of all. We shall try, from time to time, to introduce such things before the lodges in way of entertainments, etc., as may, without cost to the members, be sufficient to meet all their expenses, and at the same time give them an entertainment both pure, moral, popular and interesting. Among the brotherhood we have some of the most talented young men of our country. Several have offered their services free for the benefit of the league. What grand and joyous times we shall have, brothers! All that we desire is unity, and the hearty co-operation of the young men of America will put our society in the van, and show the country that the rising generation is fully competent to control and govern the grandest and best nation on earth. Who will extend us heart and hand and help us carry our order on and upward?

SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS.

Although the expense of joining the L. S. of A. is lower than that attending entrance into any other society, it may happen that there are some who are both worthy and anxious to join who are deterred for the present by the inability to compass even a small amount at once. Such being the case, we wish to say to all in this predicament: "State your case freely and without reserve in your letter to head-quarters, and the cabinet council and other members will endeavor to devise some means by which a loan can be given to cover the expense of organization. Our principal object, besides the military and beneficial aims of the society, is to make this nation stronger, to promote unity, make selfishness disappear, obey God's commands, love one another, and do unto others as we would be done by. As the world grows older, selfishness and worldly goods are alone the mighty powers. What will the future bring if this state of things continues? There must be a crisis, and who are better adapted to meet it than we, as the rising generation and power? In order to do this, there must be unity. The strict principles of honesty, justice, purity, charity, and brotherly love must be carried out. It rests with us. We are off our guard. We are unprepared. Shall we allow the noble principles that still lurk in the breasts of American boys to die out and sink into oblivion? It rests alone with you. For years we have done our utmost to promote the welfare, success and happiness of our comrades. We have fought desperately against odds, but nothing could discourage us. Pluck, energy, determination and will, with the help of HIM who is supreme have carried us on and enabled us to meet all emergencies and surmount all obstacles. Unless we obtain the co-operation of all we can never obtain the full measure of success to which HE in HIS providence is showing us the way. Our order is pure, noble, and one that parents should have no hesitation in permitting their sons to join. We can convince those desirous of testing the fact of our purity and honor and can show letters from prominent gentlemen touching our order and the good that will be derived from it.

Address all communications, with stamp for reply, to Capt. Badius, 819 Sixth Av., New York City.

NO MORE DELAY.

Our organization, which has been undergoing some changes to render it more complete, is now accomplished, therefore there need be no more delay in forming lodges. Those who desire to act as our representatives and take steps toward procuring a sufficient number of worthy young men to form a lodge, we would caution in regard to qualifications. Those who become members and brothers of our order must be between the age of sixteen and twenty-five years, and born on American soil. Their characters must be free from stain, their habits good, and they must believe in a Supreme Being, and be ready to support at all times the Constitution and laws of the United States.

HOW TO FORM A LODGE.

Knowing our objects and intentions, if you meet the requirements of this order, we should like you to act as our representative and procure from ten to fifteen young men to form a lodge in your vicinity. With the complete instructions we send, it will be an easy task to organize a wigwam.

Instructions.—Get a sheet of paper, and on the top write the following: "We, the undersigned, desirous of joining the Loyal Sons of America, promise on our sacred honor so to do (if accepted) when a lodge is formed here. We are of American birth, our characters free from stain, our ages between sixteen and twenty-five years. We believe in a Supreme Being, and engage to uphold at all times the Constitution and laws of these United States of America."

Sign this, giving address, age and occupation of each subscriber.

Send this paper, after the required number of names are secured, *with stamp* inclosed for answer, to Badius, 819 Sixth Avenue, New York City. In return, if the Cabinet Council report favorably on your petition, you will receive necessary instructions, etc.

The only expense will be for the Charter, Ritual, Constitution, By-laws, etc., which are put very low in order to increase our number to forty thousand by next March. The Cabinet Council has made the amount only enough to cover actual expenses in printing and articles sent, the full amount being made up by gentlemen who are interested in seeing America honestly and nobly represented by American boys, and who believe that our society will be beneficial to our country.

MEDALS OF HONOR AND DISTINCTION.

"A little fun now and then is relished by the best of men."

As boys and young men, aside from sterner thoughts, duties and actions, we must enjoy our sports and recreate while we can; while light hearts, happy faces and manners will illuminate our own as well as others' pathways. In order to make our Society still more interesting, the Cabinet Council are now procuring medals of honor and distinction, to be given to those who excel others in American sports and pastimes. Each lodge, as far as the members desire, will have Athletic Clubs of all sorts; and those who excel in these different features will be rewarded by medals of superiority.

Debating societies, dramatic and literary clubs, social and friendly parties, etc., all come within the provisions of our League. Everything that can interest, amuse and instruct will be brought forward for the Brotherhood. Boys, help us to make our order the noblest, grandest and best on earth—show the world what American boys can do. As American-born youths it rests with you individually. The expense is no obstacle, and as our order is for your benefit, for the promotion of your own and your country's welfare, we would like you to consider well before you take action. Think of this: Should worthy American boys have *a society of their own to represent them as a body?* Should the dying embers of humanity be smothered, or should a living radiance of honesty, truth, charity and fidelity burst forth and cause a flood of new-born love to flow through the selfish mass of people? Should we obey God's commandments and love one another? Should we uphold the constitution and laws of these United States? Should we let all patriotism and love of our great country die out? Should we uphold the principles of honor, justice and truth? Should we endeavor to help one another and make life a pleasure to the unfortunate? Fellow-comrades, we could tell you many things we will do for your benefit, if you will stretch out your hands and give us your hearts. It may be considered a light thing to you now; many may join out of mere fancy or curiosity; but we earnestly ask you to think *seriously* of our order. As members, you become brothers to the leading young men of our country. They are pledged to be, as only brothers can be, loyal and true until death. You, reader, may laugh at our efforts; but when we have for years put our whole heart, mind and attention into this cause we love so well, it seems more like reality than a plaything. We have seen brothers called away by Him—brothers, though not by blood, fully as dear. Remember in the dark hours of need, though to you they may be far away, we have pledged ourselves to do all in our power to aid you when called upon so to do. In troubles, when other friends forsake, we do not. In sorrow, we comfort; in sickness, we aid; our order has none but pure objects; there are brave hearts, noble aims, talent, energy, brains, pluck, ability, and love, so combined in our brothers that their lives are devoted to our order. With the aid and blessing of our Supreme Judge, we shall meet success such as long years of toil and devotion to a pure and worthy cause should bring. Boys, will you help us?

News Notes of the Day.

Up to the present time over 20,000 silver mines have been located in Arizona.

Two of the crew on board a vessel in Newport harbor lately shipped for one dollar a month each.

The oyster business of Virginia just now employs 10,000 men in catching, opening and shipping.

The Erie is constructing snow-fences along its line in places where the snow has been troublesome heretofore.

There are over three hundred men under contract as ball-players with League and International clubs next year.

The railroad across the Isthmus of Panama is forty-seven and a half miles long. It was completed in 1855 and cost $7,500,000.

Burdette, the *Hawkeye* man, says if there were any truth in the theory of transmigration, when a boy died he would go into an interrogation point.

American street cars are now running in nearly every large city in the world, and horses continue to be exported from this country to Europe.

Hungary produces more horses than any other country of its size—2,158,000 for a population of 15,000,000. The government has four breeding-stables.

Cattle and hogs are dying at a fearful rate in Iowa, the former from smut in the cornstalks and the latter from cholera. Hundreds of farmers have lost every hog they possessed.

It took a letter eleven days to go from one Florida town to another, a distance of twenty-eight miles, and the people of both, with a reckless disregard for expense, are now clamoring for a railroad.

A swarm of bees invaded a Chinese church in full session, and though pulpit and pews joined hands against the intruders, they stayed and the congregation went, not standing on the order of their going.

The Johnstown Game Protective Association have offered ample rewards for the arrest and conviction of persons who disregard the game laws so far as they refer to deer, and salmon and speckled trout.

A lawsuit for a small piece of woodland which was claimed by both branches of a family has just been settled at Aix, France, after lasting fifty-six years. The loser had to pay the winner's costs, which amounted to $12,000.

A tramp was arrested at Newburg recently in whose pocket was found a dried snake. After his incarceration he made a meal of the snake, which he declared was good eating, and said he had been subsisting on such diet for several days.

Dr. Jobert is about to return to France after having explored the Amazon with reference to its natural history, and more especially its ichthyology. He claims to have fully cleared up all doubts respecting the curare with which the Indians poison their arrows.

They have on exhibition in St. Louis a cloak made of the feathers of quail, prairie chickens and wild duck. There are said to be 38,880 feathers, and each feather has from five to eight stitches. It took a lady nearly seven months to make it, and she values it at $500.

Iridescent shoe-buttons are the latest Parisian sensation. They are of somber colors, but reflect prismatic hues in certain lights. They are a stylish addition to dinner and evening shoes and slippers, as, being brilliant only at times, they are never conspicuously apparent.

The lowest price at which cotton was sold in this country during the last fifty years was in the spring of 1845, when only four cents a pound could be got for it. The highest price paid for it during the same period was $1.90, in 1864, although it sold for twenty-five cents in good money in 1866.

Dr. T. Lander Brunton calls attention to the fact that the reason why some persons when puzzled scratch their beards is that they excite certain nerves which are connected with the heart, and thus stimulate the circulation. He says some Germans strike the sides of their noses, which has an effect upon the nerves somewhat like that of snuff.

Vice-Admiral Englefield told a story at the St. Andrew's banquet at Halifax, to the effect that an Indian put in an appearance at the city anxious to see the Princess, but still more anxious to see the Duke of Edinburgh, for he had never before known that the Great Mother had a colored son. He had mixed up the captain of the Black Prince with his vessel.

A story is going the rounds about Charley Jones of next year's Boston ball team. It is that he was aboard the Mississippi River steamer, Morgan, when she ran into the Cotton Valley. He was standing on the hurricane deck, when a gust of wind suddenly filled his shirt collar, throwing the Morgan out of her course right across the doomed steamer's bows.

Widow Marie Janette Bell is still living at Kankakee, Ill. She is 109 years of age. She was born in 1769, the year of Napoleon's birth. She saw Napoleon as the "Little Corporal," knew Robespierre, was surged in the crowd that witnessed the execution of the Sixteenth Louis, and remembers when Marie Antoinette's blood was spilt. Old Mother Bell measures five inches less in hight than she did twenty years ago.

English writers on America have not always been wont to express themselves with as much freedom as the author of a recent book entitled "Notes of a Tour in America." He frankly says he thinks the Hudson river far finer than the finest parts of the Rhine. The carriages built in this country he terms masterpieces, and in praising our ferryboats he suggests that it would be well, before more bridges are built across the Thames, to see whether similar boats would not answer the purpose.

A manufactory of paper bricks has been opened somewhere in Wisconsin. The bricks are said to be exceedingly durable and moisture-proof. They are also larger than the clay article. Paper is now also used for making barrels. Straw pulp is run into a mold made in the shape of a half-barrel, cut vertically. The ends are of paper, but are protected by wood. The barrels are lighter and two-thirds cheaper than those of wood, and flour will not sift out of them while in transit. The staves are three-eighths of an inch thick.

The Preston (Eng.) *Guardian* tells the following: The other day a small dog, belonging to a gentleman in Bank street, Preston, was fighting with another dog rather larger than himself, when he came to grief, and was struggling in the mud with his antagonist on the top of him. A large mastiff, belonging to the same gentleman, and a companion of the small dog, came up, and with his massive jaws took the conquering dog up by the back of his neck and lifted him quietly off his opponent. He then took the small dog by the ear and quietly led him over the road, and in canine language bade him haste home.

The Young New Yorker.

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"*All out-door games, athletic sports, rowing, ball games, etc., OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED, for the sake of the health which they promote.*"—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Home Amusements.

As the winter creeps on and the circle of out-door sports is narrowed to skating and sleighing, the question of Home Amusements becomes one of greater interest to the young generation. The length of the winter evenings and the prospect of at least three months more when life indoors will be the rule and out-doors the exception, make this subject still more important to young men who are full of life and physical vigor, and who have little taste for study. It is all very well for sober middle age, dull and prosy from long contact with the world, to say to the mercurial young man who is fidgeting nervously about in the home parlor: "Sit down. Why don't you read something? *I* don't find it hard to stay at home one evening."

But the fact is that the young man is very different from the old one, and he *cannot* be made to see any fun in reading, except it be a brief novel or his weekly paper, which are soon devoured. He becomes restless and uneasy at home and wants to go out, somewhere, anywhere, to get excitement. He does not know that it is the craving of his physical nature, calling for employment of mind and body, that gives him this uneasy feeling, and he too frequently goes out to meet other young men of his own age and temperament, the whole party seeking their excitement in questionable paths and doing themselves more harm than good.

The fact is that young men of an energetic temperament need, more than any others, home amusements that will *interest* as well as merely instruct and employ them. If they could find something practical which would give a result at once for labor employed, they would be glad to seize on it and give it a trial at least; but there is no denying the fact that they hate books and can hardly be persuaded to learn chess, though cards, billiards and bowls are their favorites. The question is, how can these young fellows *amuse* themselves at home as well as abroad. If they could, many would be glad to try.

There are, nowadays, several methods by which these restless spirits can employ themselves in a practical manner, which will *interest* as well as instruct them. The first of these indoor sports is telegraphing. Miniature batteries, circuits and sounders are now made by which messages can be sent and received the same as on large machines, the whole costing less than $5. With one of these "Tom Thumb" "Pigmy" or "Pony" batteries many a winter's evening may be passed away, while the young man using it will be acquiring an art that will help him all his life. Then there is Phonography or Short-hand. Any young man of energy can learn the whole phonographic alphabet in half an hour, and by a single winter's practice make such progress as almost to be able to report verbatim, thus adding another string to his bow. After these, and still more fascinating, comes the art of scroll-sawing. Scroll-saws, that formerly cost $25, are now sold for $3, and with them a young man fond of mechanics can make all sorts of useful and beautiful articles for home use, learning a new trade and amusing himself meanwhile.

As most of the readers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER belong to the class of energetic and clear-headed young men, we propose soon to open a set of articles on the special subjects of Telegraphy, Phonography, Scroll-sawing, Engraving, Mechanical Drawing, Painting and other Home Amusements that are at the same time useful employments. If any of our readers have any experience therein we shall be glad to hear from them.

Skating.

FORTUNATELY for the general health and pleasure, skating is an exercise to which no one needs to be urged, and a diversion which may be freely indulged in without any fears of subsequent discomfort and repentance. To school children, who spend several hours a day in study, the frozen lake at the Park is a better health preserver than any money can buy in New York. No amount of school calisthenics or methodical walks in street or park can brighten the eye, quicken the pulse and invigorate the tired young body and mind like skating. Indeed, if the solid adults of the city—the merchants and bankers, Bench, Bar and Church—were to begin or end the day on the ice they would be likely to make fewer slips in other places where the footing is delicate. Thanks to the elevated roads, skaters can now reach the Park quickly and comfortably, and can return to their homes without first being chilled to the bone, as thousands have been during their long, slow, cheerless rides in the horse-cars at late hours of the night. Like most other first-class pleasures, skating has the serious fault of coming too seldom and lasting too short a time, but the wise, who make the best of every opportunity, will frequently seek the ice and get as much as possible of a pleasure which is as inspiriting as riding and as breezy as sailing, besides having the timely virtue of being cheaper than either.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Walking.

EVERYBODY supposes he knows how to walk, but everybody put to some simple test involving the tithe of the achievements of a man like O'Leary would be soon forced to the admission that there are few arts with which he is so little acquainted. People generally with two feet manage to get about on them in one way or another, and in a way generally characteristic of their individuality. They shuffle or strut; they saunter in the sun; they take short rushes through the windy weather from the doors of their offices to a favored restaurant, they go delicately on their toes, like dancing-masters; they roll on their heavy heels goodly and grand, like Shadwell before his link; they thrust their heads before them like Indian hunters, with their eyes intent on the trail of their prey, or they go with outpushed paunch and thrown-back shoulders as if the whole human frame was only an apparatus contrived to carry about from table to table a capacious stomach. In men's doings there are few that become so thoroughly stamped with the characteristics of their personality as their gait, and not one in a hundred, or perhaps one in a thousand, moves in a way that would give any satisfaction whatever to a trainer of pedestrians. Consequently the occasional pedestrian matches, which are presented as athletic contests and which often degenerate into mere catchpenny shows, are of some value in the matter of common culture in so far as they always attract more or less attention to this very important art—the right use of the legs and feet in ordinary locomotion. Nobody would care to be seen on a promenade getting himself forward in the attitudes and style of the approved professional pedestrian, which, after all, are only the flourishes, the superfluous rhetoric of the muscles; but everybody on a promenade will carry himself the more to his satisfaction there or elsewhere for some acquaintance with the practices of these professionals. O'Leary, Campana and Mme. Anderson are the present objects of pedestrian interest; but the number of those who appear from time to time is legion. It is only recently that women have cut any conspicuous figure in this sort of activity, but Mme. Anderson and Miss Bertha Von Hillern have shown themselves not unworthy competitors of their masculine rivals. In the merely physical differences of the sexes woman is rather better endowed than man for this exercise, but in a fair competition of champions would perhaps fail for want of dominant will. But a match to test the superiority of the sexes in this point would be of interest.—*New York Herald.*

English Athletic Rules.

ELSEWHERE we commence publishing the new American Athletic Rules for governing matches, as proposed by the New York Athletic Club. Next week we shall conclude them. In the meantime, we offer our readers the few and simple laws under which athletic contests are conducted in England, as very useful models for all new athletic associations.

RULES.

1. No attendant to accompany a competitor on the scratch or in the race.

2. Any competitor starting before the word, to be put back one yard, at the discretion of the starter. On a repetition of the offense, to be disqualified.

3. All races to start by report of pistol.

4. In hurdle-races each competitor to keep his own hurdles throughout the race.

5. In sprint racing each runner to keep his own course.

6. Jostling, running across, or willfully obstructing another, so as to impede his progress, to disqualify the offender from further competitions.

7. All cases of dispute to be referred to the committee of management at the time.

8. The decision of the judges in all competitions to be final.

9. In pole leaping and high jumping, three tries allowed at each hight. The hight at each successive elevation to be determined by the majority of the competitors. Displacing the bar only to count as a try.

10. In broad jumping and weight putting, three tries allowed. In hammer throwing, two tries allowed. The three best competitors of the first trials to be allowed three more tries each for the final. The furthest throw of the five attempts, and put or jump of the six attempts, to win.

11. In hammer throwing and weight putting, the length of the run to be limited to 7ft. The weight to be delivered from the shoulder.

12. In broad jumping and weight putting, crossing the scratch-line in the attempt to count as "no try," and in hammer throwing as "no throw."

13. "No tries" and "no throws" count as tries.

14. The weight of the hammer and weight to be 16lbs. each.

15. The length from the end of the handle of the hammer to the bottom of the sphere to be 3ft. 6in. over all.

16. No put or throw to count if the weight or hammer be delivered or followed with any part of the body touching the ground over the mark. All puts and throws to be measured from the edge of the pitch nearest the scratch-line to the scratch-line, and at right angles with the same.

17. In hurdle races, the hight of the hurdles when fixed to be 3ft. 6in., measured perpendicularly from the ground to the top bar.

Coincidences.

WASHINGTON was born in the year 1732. Washington was always "on the square," and the square root of 3 is 1.732—a remarkable coincidence. As a further proof we observe that 1732 is the sum of 1,296, 400, and 36, all perfect squares. Let us give to each letter of the alphabet a number, representing A by 1, B by 2, C by 3, and so on to the end. Then the sum of all the numbers beionging to the letters in the word Washington is 130. Similarly the sum of the numbers belonging to the word Columbus is 106. Columbus discovered America in 1492. The most perfect square number is 4. Now add together 130, 106, 1,492, and 4, and you will get 1732, the year of Washington's birth; and this is another coincidence.

A very curious number, 142,857, which multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by 7 gives all nines:

142,857×1=142,857
142,857×2=285,714
142,857×3=428,571
142,857×4=571,428
142,857×5=714,285
142,857×6=857,142
142,857×7=999,999



CAPTAIN ADAM H. BOGARDUS,

CHAMPION WING SHOT OF THE WORLD.

CAPTAIN ADAM H. BOGARDUS, the champion wing shot of the world, is one of the most remarkable, as he is one of the most worthy, men of his time. During the long period of twenty-five years he has been in the constant use of the gun, either as a sportsman in the field or as a professional in pigeon or glass-ball shooting-matches. As far as science and experience can go in sportsmanship, he has certainly reached it, while in all of his career he has never been known to sell a match. At home and in England he has won valuable prizes, and the proudest titles of championship, but he estimates even beyond these the "good name" which he has secured for his unwavering fairness, truth and honor.

He was born in Albany county, New York. At the age of fifteen he began shooting under circumstances favorable to the development of his skill. "I was then," he relates, "a tall, strong lad, and have since grown to be a large, powerful, sinewy and muscular man. I have always enjoyed fine health; had great strength and endurance, and been capable of much exertion and exposure. When I began to shoot there was a good deal of game in Albany county, and it chiefly consisted of ruffed grouse and woodcock, which are difficult birds for young beginners. I received no instructions from anybody, but I possessed a quick, true eye and steady nerve, and had, as I believe, the natural gifts which enable a man to become in time, with proper opportunity, a first-rate field-shot. It was a long time after that before I ever shot at a pigeon from a trap, and I confess that I had for many years a strong prejudice against that sort of shooting * * Seventeen years ago I moved to Illinois, and settled on the Sangamon river, near Petersburg. It was more a broken, swampy country, with much cover, than a prairie land like that to the northward in the State. Game of all sorts was in vast abundance. There were vast numbers of quail; the pinnated grouse were rather numerous, though nothing like as much as upon some of the great prairies; ducks and geese came in immense flocks every spring and fall, and deer and turkeys abounded. It was, too, and is to this day, one of the best places for snipe that I know of. It was a paradise for a sportsman."

He became greatly skilled in the art of shooting on the wing, and not only from year to year killed game in vast quantities for market, but became thoroughly acquainted with the haunts and habits of all the game-birds. He hunted mostly all through the different seasons, and sometimes camped out as much as three months at a time, not sleeping in a house during that period. In 1872 he was badly shot through the thigh by the premature discharge of his gun. His fame as a sportsman spread throughout the West. In the year 1868 he began to shoot pigeons, and at that date he saw a pigeon trap for the first time. His first public pigeon-shooting was in a series of sweepstakes at St. Louis. Later he shot against George Stanton in a match of fifty birds each, in which he won by killing forty-six to the forty of his competitor. The next match he lost, when he went home to practice in the field. After this he was constantly engaged in shooting matches, under the most severe stipulations, and in most of these contests came off victorious. In one of these matches at Chicago in the third hundred pigeons he killed seventy-five in consecutive shots, and in the last one hundred and five out of five hundred pigeons he scored one hundred. In another match of two hundred birds a side he shot against four of the best shots of Illinois, and won by killing one hundred and seventy-eight birds, while the four scored one hundred and seventy-six. On the 21st of July, 1869, he killed a hundred consecutive birds for the first time. Having won and held the champion pigeon-shot badge for two years it became his property, when he put it up again and won it.

In 1874 he published one of the most interesting and valuable books for sportsmen ever written, entitled "Field, Cover, and Trap Shooting," which has been republished with an extended appendix during the present year. In 1875 he went to England, where he issued a challenge to shoot any man in the world for the championship. He also gave exhibitions of his skill and manner of shooting. Going to Ireland to witness the great rifle contest between the American and Irish teams, he challenged all Ireland, but it was not accepted. He subsequently shot several matches in England and won them. At Hendon, August 7th, 1875, in a match with George Rimell, he won the championship badge of the world. *Bell's Life* in London thus spoke of him: "He is a wonderful shot at both game and pigeons." The Lancashire men said of him: "We have seen eno' o' thou, Captain. Fare thee well, Captain lad, till thou, comes t' little Island again." A London gunmaker wrote to him: "There are no shooters in England that can compete with you."

In the fall of 1876 he visited California, where he hunted extensively and shot some matches. He also visited Salt Lake City. In the winter of 1876–77 he studied and experimented for the purpose of inventing and making a trap for glass-ball shooting, which should be simple in construction, effective in use, and not expensive or troublesome to carry about. This method of shooting was introduced into this country by Charles Portlock, of Boston, some twelve years ago. His trap was defective, however, and another, invented in 1876, by Ira Paine, the celebrated wing shot, had grave objections. Mr. Bogardus at length completed the trap now used by him in his exhibitions. It will throw balls from twenty-eight to thirty-five yards rise. He also invented a rough glass ball, which he patented April 10th, 1877. When a person can break two-thirds of the balls thrown from traps he can kill birds on the wing. Mr. Bogardus gives the following reasons for recommending traps for preparatory practice for field shooting: "When you are shooting in the field, and your dog makes a point and the birds are flushed, they invariably take flight in the right or left, quartering off, or go away straight ahead, while in pigeon-shooting, especially when the birds are poor, as practice birds nearly always are, there are many young ones and some old ones that will hover when thrown up by a spring trap, and the beginner and amateur might just as well shoot at birds sitting as at these while they are hovering over the trap. Shooting at good wild pigeons from a ground trap is excellent practice, for they almost invariably fly off swift at the fall of the trap; but it is not easy to get these in many places. Now, in following my rules, you set three traps, and when a ball is thrown out of one of them it goes more like a quail or a swift duck—such as teal—than anything else, and it teaches a man to handle his gun quick, and in the same manner that a good marksman handles his in the field. When you say 'pull,' you know that the ball is going to be thrown, and you know likewise that your opponent, if you are shooting a match, will have just as difficult a shot as you have, and not get off easy with a young, poor bird."

The shooting of glass balls became very popular, and Captain Bogardus from time to time shot many remarkable matches in different cities. In a match at Lincoln, Logan county, Ill., he shot at 1,027 balls and broke the last 300 without a miss, the highest run he has ever made. He broke 1,000 balls in 1 hour 12 minutes and 15 seconds, making nearly fourteen shots a minute without counting misses. His greatest feat, however, was at Gilmore's Garden, New York, where he broke 5,000 balls in 6 hours 13 minutes and 45 seconds, with only 156 misses. The match was to break 5,000 balls in 500 minutes—8 hours and 20 minutes. Captain Bogardus was obliged to train for this match by pulling up the gun to his shoulder several hundred times a day, and making the motions of firing, opening the breech, extracting spent cartridges, and reloading. Seventy pounds of powder, five hundred pounds of shot, and an immense quantity of pads and shells were required. During the shooting he suffered very much from cramp in the right arm and hand. He was obliged to put them in a bucket of hot water, and the next morning the arm was so paralyzed and swollen that a surgeon was called in. He also had a terrible roaring in his ears and pain in his head. It was some days days before he fully recovered. He says that he does not want to undertake such a match again, as the strain upon nature is too great. "I have done it, and that is enough," is his emphatic remark about it.

Anxious for new contests, he again sailed for England on the 30th of May, 1878, and during the last summer gained some of his most brilliant victories.

The greatest match of all, however, was that which he shot on August 6th, on the grounds of the International Gun and Polo Club, near Brighton, against Captain Aubrey Coventry. The match was for £1,000 a side, the conditions the same as the others, 100 birds, 30 yards. The betting was very heavy, Bogardus winning by one bird, the score standing 79 to 78. The excitement was intense during the last twenty-five birds, for it was not until the very last shot, which was fired by Bogardus, that it was decided whether the latter had won, or whether the match was a tie. Captain Bogardus had the winning bird stuffed, and carries it about with him. He returned home a second time the acknowledged master of the world in wing shooting.

Captain Bogardus is tall and erect, with a large head and agreeable face. His complexion is light, and his eyes have a soft and intelligent expression. His manners are courteous with all, and have a modesty rather unusual in a man who has seen so much of the world. In his nature he is brave, frank and honorable.

Questions Answered.

Special Notice.—THE YOUNG NEW YORKER is prepared to answer questions on all the subjects treated of in the paper. Competent writers have been engaged for our departments of sports, pastimes, athletics, etc., so that our readers may depend on correct information.

We shall be pleased to receive accounts from school and college clubs of contests in athletics of all sorts, of shooting and fishing excursions, whether of parties or of single persons, and to publish the same if of interest to our readers.

N. B.—We do not undertake to decide wagers, nor to deal with anything involving the elements of gambling and betting in any form.

Address all communications to EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER, 98 William street, New York City.

☞ The publishers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER will always be glad to receive and consider contributions from authors of well-known reputation on subjects suitable for, and congenial to, boys and young men. Such contributions will be given early attention, and early use when found available.

GOTTLIEB LANGNER, Chicago, asks: "In what year was the first game of base-ball played in this country?" ANSWER. Its origin is lost in the shades of the past, but the game first began to be popular about 1857. Since that date it has become a national institution.

AN AMATEUR, from Brooklyn, asks: "How is 3 1-2 miles in 38 minutes for a boy of 16 1-2 years that never tried fast walking in his life before, besides having on his usual street dress, consisting of an overcoat, light coat, etc? I accomplished the above to-day, and would therefore like to know what you think of it?" ANSWER. It is excellent, if your distance is correctly stated and if you walked a fair heel and toe all the way.

GEORGE ROPER, Valparaiso, Indiana, asks: "1. What is the shortest time a man can enlist on U. S. ship Minnesota? 2. When is the time to enlist and what time do they leave? 3. What do they do in winter? 4. Can a man leave any time he wants to? 5. Does a man have to stay all the time?" ANSWERS. 1st. Three years. 2d. At the age or sixteen up to seventeen; leave for good at twenty-one. 3d. Lay up in harbor and work at school and practical seamanship. 4th. Not till his term of enlistment expires. 5th. He does, unless he gets a furlough. For fuller information, see answer to "Elliott & Mathews."

INCOGNITO writes, from Ohio: "1st. I have not got No. 3 of your paper yet, although the news agent has sent for it a week ago, he says. Was your supply short? 2d. Would descriptions of rifle match shooting, such as we have here for turkeys, rifles, etc., be of any use to you, providing there has been good shooting done? 3d. Do you intend having a correspondent in a town or city, or let any one who may wish to, send you communications? 4th. Why do you not exclaim 'Eureka' as well as 'Excelsior?' *You* have found just what kind of a paper the boys of this country want, and no mistake. THE YOUNG NEW YORKER just suits the 'Ohio Idea.' *Long may it live.*" ANSWERS. 1st. We can always supply back numbers. If your newsdealer has not enterprise enough to keep up with the times, write to us either for numbers as required or for a period of subscription, which will be cheaper. See terms on this page above editorial column. 2d. Descriptions of local matches will be welcome at all times and will be printed in full, if not too long, or abbreviated, if our space forbids full details. 3d. While we have many regular correspondents, volunteers are always welcome. 4th. Because we are modest.

HOWARD PETTINGER, N. Y. city, writes: "Please tell me if is true about the king-bird thrashing the eagle?" ANSWER. It is perfectly true. The king-bird, otherwise called the "tyrant flycatcher," lives upon insects, being particularly fond of bees, but has been named "king" and "tyrant" from the authority it assumes over other birds at breeding-time. His extreme affection for his mate, nest, and young, makes him suspicious of every bird that comes near his residence, so that he attacks every intruder without discrimination; his life at this season is one continued scene of broils and battles; in which, however, he generally comes off conqueror. Hawks and crows, the bald eagle, and the great black eagle, all equally dread a rencontre with this merciless champion, who, as soon as he perceives one of these last approaching, launches into the air to meet him, mounts to a considerable hight above him, and darts down on his back, sometimes fixing there, to the great annoyance of his sovereign, who, if no convenient retreat be near, endeavors, by various evolutions, to rid himself of his merciless adversary; but the king-bird is not so easily dismounted. He teases the eagle incessantly, sweeps upon him, and remounts, that he may descend on his back with greater violence; all the while keeping up a shrill and rapid twittering. The purple marten, however, is sometimes more than a match for him; and the red-headed woodpecker is seen to amuse himself with the violence of the king-bird, and play bopeep with him round a rail, while the latter, highly irritated, makes every attempt to strike him, but in vain.

ELLIOTT & MATHEWS, Brownsville, Pa., ask: "1st. How long and wide is Manhattan Island, and does New York city fill the whole island? 2d. How many inhabitants is New York supposed to contain at the present day? 3d. Under what conditions could I join the navy? Please give full particulars. 4th. Is it supposed that Courtney will row Hanlon again? 5th. How many square miles in the United States and Alaska and the rest of the possessions? 6th. What is the best food for persons in training for rowing?" ANSWERS. 1st. Manhattan Island is fourteen and a fraction miles long in a line from the Battery to the furthest point in Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and is a little over two miles across at the widest point from Christopher street ferry to Corlaer's Hook in the East river. The city of New York fills it from shore to shore about as high as the Central Park, and is rapidly extending further every year. Twenty years hence, and perhaps in less time, the whole island will in all probability be packed with buildings. 2d. The population of New York city was computed in 1873 as over a million. It will probably reach a million and a half by 1880. 3d. We republish for your benefit the conditions as published by Captain Luce, commander of the U. S. school ship Minnesota, now in winter quarters at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. "She has been cruising during the summer in Long Island Sound, exercising the boys—some 325 in number—in seamanship and target practice. The object of this school is to educate boys to become healthy, reliable and intelligent seamen for the navy, or, in other words, to materially improve the moral, physical and intellectual tone of this branch of our national defense. The boys, who must be between 16 and 17 years of age, are received on board this ship for instruction, where they are kept until about 18 years of age, and are then transferred to sea-going ships until they are 21 years of age, the time for which they must enlist. A candidate, to be accepted, besides being of the above age, must be physically perfect, and able to read and write. He must have the consent of his father, if living, otherwise his mother; and in case of the decease of both, that of his lawful guardian, who shall accompany him. The boys, from the date of enlistment, receive from the Government $10.50 a month. It must be distinctly understood that this is not a reform school in any respect, and furthermore that boys who have been in reform schools will not be accepted; also that boys accepted who prove to be thieves, incorrigibly slovenly, or show an utter disregard for regulations, will be dismissed. There are now about one hundred vacancies which must be filled at once." At the ages of 18 and upward there is only one way to enter the navy. Go to the nearest Navy Yard and offer yourself as a landsman. If found physically perfect, you will be admitted, unless there is some well-known moral objection to your character. 4th. The question is impossible to answer. He may and may not. 5th. About three and a half million square miles, more or less. The United States proper occupies nearly three millions of this, leaving half a million for Alaska. 6th. It used to be thought that rare beef and mutton were the only proper food, but nowadays the best trainers vary the diet, giving whatever each man digests best. The more lean beef and mutton consumed, the better the foundation for muscle; but the rule is not invariable.



THE TOVAS TOWN.

"CAPT. MAYNE REID'S BEST BOYS' STORY."

GASPAR, THE GAUCHO;

OR,

LOST ON THE PAMPAS.

A TALE OF THE GRAN CHACO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN," "THE BOY HUNTERS," "THE SCALP-HUNTERS," "AFLOAT IN THE FOREST," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN INDIAN BELLE.

If the Tovas chief be in danger of receiving punishment from his people for carrying into captivity the daughter of his father's friend, there is also danger to the captive herself from another and very different source. Just as the passion of love has been the cause of her being brought to the Sacred Town of the Tovas, that of jealousy is like to be the means of her there finding an early grave.

The jealous one is an Indian girl, named Nacena, the daughter of a sub-chief, who, like Naraguana himself, was an aged man held in high regard, and, as the deceased *cacique*, now also sleeping his last sleep in one of their scaffold tombs.

Despite her bronzed skin, Nacena is a beautiful creature; for the brown is not so deep as to hinder the crimson blush showing its tint upon her cheeks; and many a South American maiden, boasting the blue blood of Andalusia, has a complexion less fair than she. As on this same evening she sits by the shore of the lake, on the trunk of a fallen palm tree, her fine form clad in the picturesque Indian garb with her lovely face mirrored in the tranquil water, a picture is presented on which no eye could look, nor thought dwell, without a feeling of delight; and, regarding her thus, no one would believe her to be other than what she is—the belle of the Tovas tribe.

Her beauty had not failed to make impression upon the heart of Aguara, long before his having become *cacique*. He has loved her too, in days gone by, ere he looked upon the golden-haired pale-face. Both children then, and little more yet; for the Indian girl is only a year or two older than the other. But in this southern clime, the precocity already spoken of is not confined to those whose skins are called white, but equally shared by the red.

Nacena has been beloved by the son of Naraguana, and knew, or at least believed it. But she better knows, that she has been deceived by him, and is now slighted, about to be cast aside for another. That other will, ere long, be chieftainess of the Tovas tribe, while she—

She has reflected thus far, when the bitter thought overpowering causes her to start to her feet, a cry escaping her lips as if it came from a heart cleft in twain.

Nothing of this, however, shows in her face. The expression upon it is rather that of anger, as a *jaguarete* of her native plains, whose rage has been aroused by the arrow of the Indian hunter suddenly piercing its side. Hitherto silent, she is now heard to speak; but, though alone, the words to which she gives utterance are not in soliloquy; instead, as if spoken to some one who is near, though unseen. It is an apostrophe meant for no mortal ears, but addressed to the Divinity of the lake!

"Spirit of the waters!" she cries, with arms outstretched and head aloft, "hear my prayer! Tell me if it be true! Will he make her his wife?"

She is silent for a second or two, as though expecting a reply, and listening for it. It comes, but not from the deity addressed. Out of her own heart she has the answer.

"He will; yes, surely will! Else, why has he brought her hither? A false tale he has told in the council of the elders; false as himself! Where are his words, his vows, made to me with lips that gave kisses? Perjured—broken—gone as his love, given to another! And I am soon to see her his queen, salute her as mine, and attend upon her as one of her waiting-maids! Never! No, spirit of the waters! Rather than do that, I shall go to you; be one of your attendants, not hers. Rather than that, thou shalt take me to thy bosom!"

High-sounding speeches from an Indian girl, scarce fifteen years of age? But love's eloquence is not confined to age, race, or rank, no more than that of jealousy. Both passions may burn in the breast of the savage maiden, as in the heart of the high-born lady—perhaps tearing it more. Not strange they should find like expression on the lips.

"Why not now?" continues Nacena in a tone that tells of despair, while the cloud upon her brow is seen to grow darker. "Ah! why not? No need waiting longer; I know all. A leap from yonder rock, and all would be over, my suspense, as my sufferings."

For a moment she stands with eyes fixed upon a rocky promontory, which juts out into the lake near by. Its head overhangs the water, there fathoms deep, as she knows. Many the time has she sprung from that projecting point to swim, naiad-like, underneath it. But the plunge she now meditates is not for swimming, but to sink!

"No!" she exclaims, after a pause, as she withdraws her gaze from the rock, the expression upon her face changing back to that of the *jaguarete!* "No, Spirit of the Waters! not yet. Nacena fears not to die, but that is not the death for the daughter of a Tovas chief. If wronged, she must resent it, and will. Revenge first, and the deceiver shall first die. After that, oh Spirit, thou canst take me; Nacena will no longer care to live."

As she says this, the sad look returns to her countenance, replacing that of anger; and for a time she stands with head drooped down to her bosom, and arms hanging listlessly by her side—a very picture of despair.

At length, she is about to leave the spot, when a footstep warns her of one making approach; and, turning, she sees who it is. A youth, but to manhood grown, and wearing the insignia of a sub-chief. Though many years older than herself, he is her brother.

"Sister!" he says, coming up to her, and closely scanning her face, "you have thoughts that trouble you. I would know what they are."

"Oh, nothing," she rejoins, with an effort to appear calm. "I've only been looking over the lake, at the birds out yonder. How they enjoy themselves this fine evening!"

"But you're not enjoying yourself, Nacena; nor haven't been for some time past. I've noticed that; and more, I know the reason."

She starts at his words; not to turn pale, but with the blood mantling into her brown cheeks. Still is she silent.

"You need neither deny, nor declare it," he continues. "'Tis all known to me, save one thing. That alone I wish to ask you about. I must have an answer, and a truthful one. As your brother I demand it, Nacena."

She fixes her eyes upon him, in a look half-frightened, then timidly asks:

"What thing, Kaolin?"

"*Has he betrayed you?*"

"Betrayed!" she echoes, the blush upon her cheeks mounting up to her brow, and becoming deeper red. "Brother! Had any one but you asked that question— Betrayed! No; your sister would die ere that could have been. As you seem to know all, I will no longer conceal the truth from you. You speak of Aguara. I loved him; ah! love him still. And he told me my love was returned; spoke it solemnly; vowed it. Now I know his words were false, and he was but beguiling me."

"Then he has trifled with you," exclaims the brother, his indignation now beyond bounds. "You, *my* sister, the daughter of a Tovas chief, of birth and blood equal to his own! But he shall repent it, and soon. The time has not come; it will ere long. Enough now, Nacena. Not a word to any one of what has passed between us. Be patient and wait. For your wrongs, I promise, you shall have revenge."

And with this threat, he turns away; leaving her on the lake's edge, as he found her.

Soon as he is out of sight, and his footfall beyond hearing, she reseats herself on the trunk of the palm; and, supporting her head upon her hands, gives way to weeping—a very cataract of tears.

It seems to relieve her from the tumult of emotions late harassing her heart, and after a time she looks up with an expression in her eyes different from all that have preceded. It is of hope; as can be told by the words which fall in low murmuring from her lips:

"After all I may be mistaken. Can I? If so, and he is still true, then I am wronging him, and Kaolin may commit a crime that will bring both punishment and repentance. Oh, that I knew the truth! But surely Shebotha knows, and can tell it me. She will, for the reward I shall offer her. This night she has promised to meet me on the hill, and then, then—"

She breaks off abruptly, and with countenance again clouding over. For the words "I shall learn the worst" are on her lips, and the thought in her mind.

It is hope's last spark, love-lighted from embers nearly extinguished, still flickering, faint, and vainly struggling to burn on.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN ELEVATED GRAVEYARD.

Just as the last glimmer of twilight is taking departure from the plain, the three who had sought concealment under the roosting-place of macaws, slip quietly out of the copse, and ride away from it, leaving the noisy birds, now silent, behind them.

There is yet light enough to enable them to take bearings by the hill, which, as they have rightly conjectured, rises over the Tovas town; and, heading direct toward it, after a couple of hours spent in riding at a brisk pace, they arrive at the rocky steep forming a periphery to its base. As there is now a clear moonlight, caution dictates their again getting under cover; which they do by drawing their horses close in to the adjacent cliff, whose shadow sufficiently conceals them. But it is not intended to stay long there. At their last halting-place they had considered everything, and decided upon the steps to be taken; so far as they can, from what is known to them. If the circumstances change, or turn out different to what they are expecting, they must be guided in their action accordingly.

Still in the belief of Naraguana being alive, Ludwig is again of the opinion that they should push on to the town without further delay. The place cannot now be far off; for at the hill's base they have struck a broad and much-traveled trail denoting the proximity of a settlement. Cypriano is undecided, but Gaspar, as before, goes strongly against proceeding directly onward.

"You speak of delay, Señor Ludwig," he says; "but in this case, the old adage, 'More haste worse speed,' might be true, as it often is. Besides, what would we gain by entering their town now? It isn't likely we should accomplish anything to-night. You forget the hour it is—nigh unto midnight. And as the custom of most Chaco Indians is early to bed and early to rise, we'd no doubt find every red-skin of them asleep, with only their dogs to receive us. *Carrai!* A nice reception that would be! Like as not some scores of half-famished curs to fall upon us—perhaps drag us out of our saddles. Whereas, in the morning all would be different, with the people up to protect us from such an assault. But whether we enter at night, or by day, I still stick to the belief, that it will be better to do so by stealth; at least, one of us should first slip in that way, and learn how the land lies. In any case, we ought to have a squint at this Sacred Town, before trusting ourselves within its walls—if walls it have. From the look of things here, I fancy it lies on the other side of this hill. By climbing the hill now, and staying on its top till daybreak, we'll get a good view of the town, which will, no doubt, be right under us. We can see all through the streets, and what's going on in them. That will give us a hint of how to act afterward, and if things look favorable, we might then ride boldly in; which, after all, may be the best way of introducing ourselves—only it should be done in the daylight."

Cypriano sees that the gaucho's reasoning is correct; and Ludwig also acknowledging it to be so, it is finally decided that they ascend the hill, and remain upon its summit for the rest of that night.

But now comes a question not hitherto asked or thought of. How is the ascent to be made, and where is there a path practicable for making it? Not only is it steep, but its sides are thickly overgrown with trees, and between their trunks a dense tangle of underwood.

"It must be on its summit they have their burying-ground," observes Gaspar, gazing upward. "Yes; Naraguana spoke of its being on the top of a hill, and there's no other hill near. If that be the case, and they carry their dead up, there'll sure be some sort of a road for their funeral processions. That would likely be on the other side, straight up from the town. But I warrant there's a trail starts from this side, too, and runs right over the hill. Let's ride along a bit, and see if there be."

The gaucho's conjecture is correct, as they soon discover. Before they have ridden three score lengths of their horses, keeping close along the base of the hill, they perceive an opening in the timber which skirts it, marked by certain insignia denoting the entrance to a much-frequented path. For though narrow, it shows well trampled and trodden. Diverging abruptly from the broad road running on round the hill, it strikes in under a tall cotton tree, a *ceiba*, this conspicuous from being bent over, as if half-blown down. The path enters between its trunk and a gigantic *pita* plant (*agave*), whose stiff spinous leaves almost bar up the entrance as with an iron gate.

"That's the way we've got to go," says Gaspar, pointing to it, at the same time setting his horse's head in the direction of the *ceiba*; then adding, as he nods toward the *pita* plant, "have a care of your heads, *hijos mios!* Look out for this queer customer on the left, or you may get your soft cheeks scratched a bit."

On delivering the admonition he ducks his own head, and passing under the thorny leaves of the *agave*, commences the ascent of the hill.

Cypriano and Ludwig do likewise; and all three are soon climbing the steep one behind the other, now in silence, the only sounds heard being the hoof-strokes of the horses, with their hard breathing as they strain up the acclivity.

A quarter of an hour's tough clambering carries them up the wooded slope, and out upon the open summit, where they have a spectacle before their eyes peculiar as it is original. As already said, the hill is table-topped, and being also dome-shaped, the level surface is circular, having a diameter of some three or four hundred yards. Nothing strange in this, however, since hills of the kind, termed *mesas*, are common throughout most parts of Spanish America, and not rare in the Gran Chaco. All three are familiar with such eminences. But what they are not familiar with—and indeed none of them have ever seen before—are some scores of queer looking structures standing all over the summit, with alley-like spaces between! Scaffolds they appear, each having two stages, one above the other, such as might be used in the erection of a two-story house!

And scaffolds they are, though not employed in any building purposes; instead, for that of burial. They are the tombs on which are deposited the bodies of the Tovas' dead; or those of them that during life were dignitaries in the tribe.

On this elevated cemetery the moon is shining brightly, though obliquely, throwing the shadows of the scaffolds aslant, so that each has its counterpart on the smooth turf by its side, dark as itself, but magnified in the moonlight. Gaspar and his companions can see that these singular mausoleums are altogether constructed of timber, the supporting posts being trunks of the *Cocoyol* palm, the lower staging of strong canes, the *caña brava*, laid side by side, while the upper one, or roof, is a thatch of the leaves of another species of palm—the *cuberta*.

After contemplating them for an instant, Gaspar says:

"This is the burying-ground Naraguana spoke to me about, beyond a doubt. And not such a bad sort of place either to take one's final rest in, after life's worries are over. I shouldn't much object to being laid out in that style myself. Only I'd need friends to live after me, and keep the structure in repair; otherwise the frail thing might some day come tumbling down, and my poor bones along with it."

At the conclusion of this quaint speech he gives the rein to his horse, and moves on among the tombs, making for the opposite side of the cemetery, the others following in silence. For from the brow of the hill on its westward side, they expect to look down upon the Indian town.

"It must be on t'other side," observes the gaucho, as they proceed, "I remember the old chief saying the *tolderia* was west of the hill."

When half-way across he again reins up, halting his horse alongside one of the scaffolds, conspicuous among the rest by its larger size, as also a certain freshness about the timbers of which it is constructed; some chips scattered around the supports, where these have been chopped and barked, telling of recent erection. It is not this, however, has prompted Gaspar to make stop beside it, but simply that he there sees a place suitable for the stalling of their horses. There is no need to take the animals on the other side, but better leave them there, and themselves go forward afoot.

Thus reflecting, all three dismount, and attach their horses to the corner posts of the scaffold, each choosing one for his own. Then, with cautious steps, they continue to the outer edge of the circle, and pushing through some trees that skirt it, look to the plain below. Sure enough, there is the thing they expected to see—an Indian town or *tolderia*. A large lake lies beyond, on whose tranquil surface the moon makes a mirror, as if it were glass. But their eyes rest only upon the town, their ears bent to catch any sound that may come up from it.

It is not long till sounds do ascend, the barking of dogs, with now and then the lowing of cattle, and neighing of horses; but no human voice, nothing to tell that the place is inhabited by man. For there is no smoke from the houses, no lights anywhere, everybody seeming to be asleep.

Nothing strange in all this; nor do they looking down from the hill think it so. Instead, things are just as they should be, and as Gaspar anticipated they would. For it is now the midnight hour, and since red-men must have rest as well as white ones, the Tovas have all retired to their beds or hammocks.

So concluding and satisfied with what they see—reflecting further that nothing more can be done till morning—the gaucho and his companions go back to their horses, with the intention of taking off the saddles, and otherwise disposing of them for the night.

It was at first proposed to keep them tied to the scaffold posts, but on a second inspection of the place, Gaspar sees it is not the best one either for their animals or themselves to pass the night in. Should they go to rest under the scaffold, while asleep, their horses turning restive might pull down the posts, and bring rattling about their ears the bones of one dead *cacique!* Besides, the ground underneath is not nice to repose upon; being without herbage and trampled all over, some parts seeming freshly turned up. The gaucho would prefer a patch of soft grass to lay his limbs along, and this very thing he has noticed while they were out on the brow of the eminence overlooking the town. Here a grand fig-tree had attracted his attention, under its branches seeming the most proper place for them to encamp. Its far-spreading and umbrageous boughs drooping back to the ground and there taking root—as the Indian *banyan* of which it is the New World representative—inclosed a large space underneath. It would not only give them a shelter from the dews of the night, but concealment from the eyes of any one who might chance to be passing that way.

With these manifest advantages in favor of the ground under the fig-tree as a camping place, and the disadvantages of that beneath the scaffold, the latter is without further ado forsaken, and the former taken possession of.

As no camp-fire can be safely kindled, nor food cooked, they must go to sleep supperless.

Fortunately none of them is a-hungered, all having made a hearty meal while within the *macaw's* grove. There they had polished off the grand "drumsticks" of the ostrich, by good luck already roasted. So caring not for supper, after having disposed of their horses by tying them to branches of the fig-tree, they stretch themselves along the ground, and seek repose, which on this night they all need, as much as on any other since starting upon their long-protracted expedition.

Still, they do not intend to be all asleep at the same time. In such a place, with the danger of being found in it, that would never do. One of the three must remain awake and on watch; so it is arranged that they take the duty of sentinel in turns. As the present hour appears to be the one calling for keenest vigilance, Gaspar volunteers for the first turn of guard; and the other two wrapping their ponchos around them, and resting their heads upon their *recados*, with a mutual *Buenas noches!* become silent, if not asleep.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DEAD MAN IDENTIFIED.

Whether his young companions be sleeping or awake, the gaucho does not stay by their side; but, almost as soon as seeing them disposed along the earth, slips out from under the fig-tree, and facing toward the central part of the cemetery, walks off in that direction. His object is to revisit the scaffold late left by them, and make a more detailed examination of it. Not that he cares aught about the structure itself. It is not the first time for him to have seen similar burying-places of the Chaco Indians, and he knows as much about them as he cares to know. Nor is his object, in returning to this particular one, of a very definite character; but rather because a vague idea or instinct has come into his mind which prompts him to the act—a sort of presentiment that he may there see something to throw light on much of what has been all along mystifying him. To go thither will in no way interfere with his duties as a sentinel, since he can perform these equally well or better, by moving about. Besides, it will help to beguile the time, as also make him familiar with the ground they have got upon—a familiarity that may hereafter prove of service to them. As already stated, he had observed that the scaffold is of recent erection, telling that the man or woman laid upon it cannot have been very long dead. He had, moreover, noticed, while attaching his bridle to one of the uprights, that a series of notches was cut in the post, evidently to facilitate ascent. In all likelihood, the surviving relatives of the deceased are in the habit of coming thither at periodical intervals, to adorn the tomb with flowers or other tokens of affectionate memory; perhaps bring votive offerings to the spirit which presides over that consecrated spot. But whatever the purpose of the notches, the gaucho knows they will enable him to climb up with ease, and see what rests upon the platform.

Approaching the catafalque with silent tread, he stands for a time gazing at it without making any movement to mount up. Not from curiosity does he so regard it; but something akin to awe has stolen over his spirit, and he almost fears to intrude on the sacredness of the place. Besides, the act requires caution. What if some of the Indians given to nocturnal straying should chance to come that way, and see him up those stairs, desecrating the abode of the dead? Even were there no other reason for his fearing to be found in that place, the act itself would make him liable to punishment—possibly no less than death! For among the Tovas, as many other tribes of South American Indians—infidels though they are called—the tombs of their dead are held as sacred as those of the Spanish Christians who so designate them.

Nothwithstanding all this, Gaspar the gaucho is not to be balked in his design. He has not come to the bottom of that curious catafalque, to go away again without seeing what is above. And though he stands hesitating, it is only for a short while, finally making up his mind to ascend.

Ascend he does; laying hold of one of the notched corner posts, and climbing the primitive ladder, as it were, set ready and awaiting him.

As the moon is by this far down in the sky,



A TOVAS PASS.

its beams are not obstructed by the roof thatch, but fall obliquely upon the floor of the platform beneath. There, lying at full length, the gaucho perceives a form, easily recognizable as that of a human being, though swathed in various kinds of cloths, which cover it from head to foot. The body of a man, morever, as can be told by its size and shape; while beside, and arranged around it, are certain insignia proclaiming it to be that of some distinguished chieftain of the Tovas. There are spears, shields, *macanas*, lazoes, bolas—among them the *bola perdida*, some of these weapons placed upon the platform alongside the corpse, others suspended from the beams and poles supporting the thatch of the roof. There is horse-gear as well—the multifarious trappings which appertain to the caparison of a gaucho's steed—recado, carona, caronilla, jerga, with Mameluke bitts and spurs of immensely large rowels; for all these are possessed by the higher order of pampas Indians, and notably their chiefs—property they have picked up in some plundering expedition, where gauchos themselves have been their victims.

Just such a thought passes through the mind of gaucho Gaspar, as his eyes rest on the grand array displayed on the *cacique's* tomb. For that it is the tomb of a *cacique*, and one of grand note, he has not a doubt, seeing such a selection of trophies. In addition to the war weapons and implements of the chase, there are articles of dress and adornment; bracelets of gold, head necklets and belts, with coronets of bright-colored plumes; while most conspicuous of all is a large feather-embroidered *manta*, covering the corpse from head to foot, even concealing the face.

Still there is nothing in all this to astonish Gaspar Mendez, or in any way give him a surprise. He has seen the like before, and often among the Auracanian Indians, who are kindred with the tribes of the Chaco. He but makes the reflection, how silly it is in these savages thus to expose such fine commodities to the weather, and let them go to loss and decay—all to satisfy a heathen instinct of superstition! And thus reflecting, he would in all probability have lowered himself back to the ground, but for that presentiment still upon him. It influences him to remain a moment longer balancing himself upon the notched upright, and gazing over the platform. Just then the moon getting clear of some cirrous clouds, and shining brighter than ever, lights up an object hitherto unnoticed by him, but one he recognizes as an old acquaintance. He starts on beholding a felt hat of the Tyrolese pattern, which he well remembers to have seen worn by his master, the hunter-naturalist, and by him given to the aged *cacique* of the Tovas as a token of friendship. And now he feels the presentiment which has been upon him all explained and fulfilled. Springing up on the platform, and uncovering the face of the corpse, he beholds—Naraguana!

[To be continued—commenced in No. 1.]

THE CANDY MAN.

How doth the zealous candy man
Employ his ingenuity
By molding for the busy boy
Strange shapes of incongruity.

He stands upon the street all day
With sweets the taste to gratify,
And scorneth not small bargains which
A single cent will gratify.

And when the dust in blinding clouds
Blows o'er his sweet wares crazily,
The candy man in sorrow plies
His feather duster lazily.

But when the rain begins to fall
He mourns such weather fervently,
And as the dust and rain unite
He eyes the wreck observantly.

While small boys eat such things as these,
They all will suffer painfully,
Whereat the well-paid candy man
Will stand and smile disdainfully.

But, waxing wealthy on their cash,
Continue his rascality
By selling candies that are vile,
Regardless of morality.

American Hunting Grounds.

Birds of Long Island.

III.

THE WARBLERS.

The worm-eating warbler is a sedate, or rather, a demure little bird, without the vivacity of most warblers. When startled from the dead leaves on the ground, where it spends most of its time rambling, like the golden-crowned thrush, it flies to a near low limb, and there often sits motionless or hops listlessly about. The nest is built on the ground, and is composed of grasses, rootlets and a few dried leaves.

The prairie warbler is alluded to by a recent observer as having a curious song, if song it can be called, "as much like a mouse complaining of toothache as anything else I can liken it to—it is simply indescribable." It is an expert flycatcher. The nest is a snug, compact and elaborately woven structure, having a hight and a diameter of about two and a half inches. The cavity is two inches wide and one and a half deep. The outer parts are woven chiefly with the soft inner bark of small shrubs mingled with dry rose leaves, bits of vegetable wood, woody fibers, decayed stems of plants, spiders' webs, etc. The whole is bound together like a web by cotton-like fibers of a vegetable origin. The upper rim of this nest is a marked feature, being a strongly-interlaced weaving of vegetable roots and strips of bark. The lining of the nest is composed of fine vegetable fibers and a few horsehairs. The nests are usually within four feet of the ground. The eggs vary from three to five, and even six.

The mourning warbler is a rare bird. Its song is loud and clear, somewhat resembling that of the water thrush. The nest is very difficult to find. It is also an inhabitant of the mountains of Colorado from the base of the foothills up to 9,000 feet. Mr. Allen observes: "Occasionally a male would mount the highest point of the thicket to pour forth its warbling melody, almost unrivaled in sweetness by that of any other of the forest songsters."

The warblers are migratory, some of them coming from the South early in the spring and loitering until fall. Their habits, their architecture and their melodies are varied.

THE WHIPPOWIL.

The whippowil is distinguished for its notes. Its vocal performances are usually rendered after nightfall. It abounds sufficiently throughout Suffolk county to enable the visitor to hear it every evening. Perhaps its notes are most appropriately sung in the neighborhood of the Poorhouse, at Yaphank, where the pauper finds continual comfort in the constant "Poor Will, poor Will," till he drops to sleep. It belongs technically to the family of goat-suckers. It lives in the Eastern States and British Provinces, its migration extending north to about fifty degrees, west to the plains, and south through portions of Mexico to Guatemala. It breeds in most of its United States range, and winters from the Gulf Coast southward. It is oftener heard than seen. It lingers at its summer home till the autumn is far advanced. During the war the whippowil was the welcome but unseen companion of many a lonely soldier while he kept sentry in the solitary woods. In his observations upon the bird known as Nuttall's whippowil in the north-west, Cones says: "The cry is very lugubrious, and in places where the birds are numerous the wailing chorus is enough to excite vague apprehensions on the part of the lonely traveler, as he lies down to rest by his camp-fire, or to break his sleep with fitful dreams in which lost spirits appear to bemoan their fate and implore his intercession. It is not strange that a heated fancy should riot in the circumstances of desolation and imminent peril under which the emigrant or the explorer must often be placed in the Western wilderness. Experience comes vividly to mind as I write, night after night, when I have gradually lost consciousness with a mind peopled with all manner of weird images."

THE SWAN, DUCK AND GOOSE.

The swan is known to Long Island as to other portions of the country, only on temporary visits during migration.

The snow goose is nowhere a permanent resident. Its migrations are extensive and performed with the utmost regularity. It is never seen here in summer, as it retires to the higher latitudes to breed.

The pintail is one of the most graceful and elegant of our ducks. It frequents pools and their margins. Their nests are usually in the sedge, lined with dry grass, and in the absence of both parents is covered with dry leaves and feathers.

The gadwall duck is a longer sojourner than some of its family. It does not go to the extreme north, but breeds wherever it is in the summer.

The green-winged and blue-winged teal are known, but are not abundant even during the migrations.

The shoveller duck is common wherever wild ducks are to be found. It breeds in the region of many of the ponds surrounded with woods.

The wood duck breeds in trees, and in this is an exception among ducks. As soon as the female has completed her set of eggs her mate leaves her. When the young are able to fly, then old and young of both sexes come together and so remain until the beginning of the next breeding season.

THE HAWK.

The sizes and habits of hawks are so varied and differ so much that it is difficult to say much about their ways on Long Island. As at least fourteen different kinds are known, it will not be difficult for the traveler to find some of them. As they are birds of prey, some of them living at the expense of lesser or tamer birds of other species, we are apt to look upon them with feeling akin to awe. The marsh hawk is probably the most common. The parents migrate almost as soon as their young are hatched, and so it goes on season after season. The presence of water is necessary to its existence, and they are to be found near to marshes and bodies of water, such as ponds. Audubon once saw a marsh hen come off victorious in a battle with the hawk. It ordinarily stoops to field mice, small reptiles and insects. It is particularly fond of frogs, which suffer more at its hands than from all the school-boys that ever stoned them on a Saturday afternoon. They hover at no great hight, keenly surveying the ground below, and drop directly on their quarry when it is descried. They generally consume their prey on the spot. It is called the "Harrier," the "Bog Trotter," and the old male is sometimes called "Blue Hawk." In addition to this, there are pigeon-hawks, chicken-hawks, goshawks, duck-hawks, sparrow-hawks and hen-hawks. Buzzards are of the hawk species, and are indeed classed by the ornithologist under the same title.

THE OWL.

It is claimed that ten kinds of the owl species frequent Long Island. Of these the American barn owl is undoubtedly one. This is an abundant bird on both sides of the continent, south of a certain latitude. It is, or appears to be, of a rather delicate and sensitive organization. Its appearance is usually in spring and autumn. Its nest is generally found in a hollow tree, near marshy meadows. The long-eared owl prefers an orchard—something near to human society. It makes depredations upon weaker animals, and feeds voraciously. The great gray owl is another of the kind, and the hawk owl another. The Arcadian or saw-whet owl may be set down to Long Island also. This one is not so large as a robin, though it appears bulkier, and it lives chiefly on insects. It is not improbable the great horned owl, which is not often met with now, may have been burned out by some of the disastrous fires which have consumed the woods during the past few years.

Of the night-hawk a recent writer observes: "I frequently visited a nesting-place. The female, on each occasion, remained near her charge until nearly trodden upon, and then fluttered off, making believe she was crippled, as perfectly as I ever saw the pious fraud performed in my life. Not having much, if any legs to be lame in, she simulated a broken wing, fluttering and pitching about in the grass, at no time more than a few feet off. She carried her young to another hillock after my second visit, but only a couple of yards away. The male on each occasion came dashing overhead, some times darting close down, but did not join the mother in her attempts to decoy me away.

Of the swallow people are commonly so well informed that this mere mention will suffice. They abound on the edges of the sand cliffs, along the shores of the Long Island Sound.

The flycatchers of nine different kinds all live on flies, as their name indicates. They vary in their habits as they do in their architectural ideas of home. The pewee is of the same species. Their notes, like their other manners, differ. There is one, for instance, which sounds like "kewink," while most of them are merely varying sounds of the "pewee" order.

Sports and Pastimes

EDITED BY HENRY CHADWICK.

Base-ball in France.

The *Philadelphia Sunday Mercury* contained lately the following description of the difficulties the votaries of base-ball find in trying to introduce their game in Paris. It is as follows:

"Attempts have frequently been made to establish base-ball in Paris, and always without success. Some years ago a coterie of young Americans very earnestly endeavored to found a base-ball club, but after a few meetings the institution died a natural death. Great were the tribulations of these enterprising gentlemen in the pursuit of their national pastime, and great their difficulties in the search of a suitable place of reunion. Finally they pitched upon the wide, barren space which lies in front of the monumental military hospital erected by Louis XIV. Here a game was soon started, when, just as a fine hit followed by a run had been effected by the captain of the nine, the representative of authority, in the person of a fat and loudly puffing sergeant, appeared upon the scene, and called, in a voice of thunder, for the proceedings to stop. He sternly informed the delinquents that any game was strictly prohibited on the public thoroughfare, and, confiscating the bats, ball and bases, which he examined with a curiosity as great as though they had been the belongings of a tribe of New Zealanders, requested the crestfallen party to follow him to the office of the Commissaire de Police. On the way a narrow side street afforded a tempting avenue for escape, and, led by the gallant captain, the nine filed rapidly down it, leaving the portly sergeant to stare after them in breathless indignation. The next locality selected by the hapless club was a waste ground near the Luxemberger Gardens, and here they played several games unmolested until the attention of the dreaded officials was attracted by an immense crowd congregated to watch the strange new sport of a ball being driven by a violent hit fairly through an omnibus, to the great alarm of the passengers, who must have thought a cannon had been fired at them, when the heavy ball came crashing in at one window and went out at the other. The club thought themselves lucky to escape with a moderate fine; but in spite of all mishaps and checks, the passion for base-ball burnt all the stronger in the American breast. Determined to enjoy the sport in peace and quiet, they underwent a pilgrimage to a barren spot in the suburbs, about fifeeen miles from the heart of the city, and were able to indulge in the sport to their heart's content, until, as luck would have it, that erratic ball dashed in a distant farm-yard, causing terrible havoc among the chickens and ducks. Forth sallied two or three ugly-looking customers in blouses, and the luckless club beat an ignominious retreat, abandoning the ball to the enemy, who pursued the destroyers of property for several hundred yards, with many imprecations and dire threats of vengeance. This was the last blow—the base-ball club broke up; but each of its members has retained a keen sense of the tribulations incurred and the penalties encountered, and has come to the conclusion that the national game of America is not very warmly encouraged in France."

Nameless Base-ball Association.

RECORD SEASON OF 1878.

The Nameless Club of Brooklyn went through the season of 1878 in its usual creditable manner, winning the legitimate Amateur Club Championship of the metropolis for the season. In the contest for the Marster's pennant, in which they were opposed by six clubs, they came off victors, winning five out of the six series of games played. The club have well-fitted up club-room in Brooklyn, and the organization is one in every respect creditable to the city. The club record for 1878 is as follows:

Practice Games.	April 13,	Nameless	*vs.*	Seneca	7- 5
	April 20,	"		Seneca	7- 6
	April 27,	"		Polytechnic.	7- 0
Pennant.	May 11,	"		Putnam	20- 4
	May 18,	"		Seneca	9- 4
	May 25,	"		Polytechnic.	23-10
	June 15,	"		Seneca	12- 5
Match Game.	June 22,	Winona	*vs.*	Nameless	1- 4
	June 29,	Nameless	*vs.*	Crescent	10- 6
Pennant.	July 6,	"		Winona	16- 1
	July 13,	"		Putnam	7- 1
	July 20,	"		Winona	15- 0
Match Game.	July 27,	"		Crescent	8- 1
Pennant.	Aug. 3,	"		Continental.	14- 2
Match Game.	Aug. 17,	Hudson	*vs.*	Nameless	1- 5
Pennant.	Aug. 24,	Nameless	*vs.*	Continental.	7- 3
	Aug. 31,	"		Polytechnic.	7- 5
Match Game.	Sept. 7,	"		Oneida	7- 4
Picked Nines.	Sept. 14,	"		Stars of G'e.	10- 7
	Sept. 21,	Witoka	*vs.*	Nameless	2-12
Total					190-85

Games Won 17
Games Lost 3

SUMMARY.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Practice Games	3	3	0
Pennant Games	11	10	1
Match Games	4	3	1
Picked Nines	2	1	1
Totals	20	17	3

BATTING AVERAGE.

	No. Games.	Times at Bat.	Runs.	1st b. Hits.	Per cent. B. H. to times at B.
Slade	16	84	14	21	.25
Bunce	16	75	23	21	.28
Denham	16	76	21	17	.22
Benner	16	70	18	12	.17
Lee	15	97	22	22	.278
Smith	15	74	15	14	.189
Nelson	15	75	17	15	.20
Crosby	10	48	12	14	.29
Grierson	10	43	11	15	.34
Fargo	6	24	3	2	.8

FIELDING AVERAGE.

	Put Out.	Ass't'd.	Er's.	Ch's Off'd.	Ch's Ac.	Av. Er's.
Slade, s. s	25	36	23	84	61	.27
Bunce, 1st b.	133	5	7	145	138	.04
Denham, p.	12	28	14	54	40	.25
Benner, r. f. & p.	6	5	6	17	11	.35
Lee, 2d b	44	30	12	86	74	.13
Smith, c.	137	36	43	216	173	.19
Nelson, c. f.	9	0	4	13	9	.30
Crosby, l. f.	15	3	2	20	18	.10
Grierson, 3b & c.	23	9	13	45	32	.28
Fargo, 3d b	6	8	8	22	14	.36

Base-ball Notes.

Fergy Malone has signed to play in Holyoke in 1879. So says Al Wright in the Philadelphia *Mercury*.

In "chicagoing" opposing nines the Bostons take the lead in the League arena, by 8 to Cincinnati and Providence's 6 each.

It is said that Higham has, at his own request, been released from the Providence team in order to go in the Albany nine.

The new League ball will be the same in its dimensions as that of 1878, and neither "livelier" nor more "dead" than the past season's League ball.

The wittiest base-ball editor is Mr. Caylor, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It is amusing to note how he does rattle his Chicago brethren of the *Tribune* and *Times*.

In all League games played next season, the visiting club will get fifteen cents for each person admitted to the grounds, the price of admission being optional with the home club.

The Bostons won sixteen League championship games by a single run. Three by 1 to 0; three by 2 to 1; three by 3 to 2; three by 4 to 3; two by 8 to 7; one by 10 to 9, and one by 16 to 15.

The New Bedford club was awarded the New England championship, they having won the most games in the series played by the regularly-entered clubs. The Boston club was not a competitor, of course.

Two professional base-ball players were killed on the field in 1878, both catchers. One from being struck in the abdomen by a base-runner's knee in running home, and the other from being hit by a ball from the pitcher in the stomach.

Macullar has signed to play in the League Club of Syracuse for 1879. The Sunday edition of the *Syracuse Courier* is indignant that the New York *Sun* should place the Stars among the clubs likely to be near the foot of the League class in 1879.

There are to be two professional nines in Albany, N. Y., in 1879, the one to be known as the Albany Club, and the other as the Capital City Club. Arthur Cummings, the first pitcher to practically introduce the curve-line delivery in pitching—is to manage the latter club.

It is said that Hornung's contract with the Buffaloes was conditional on their remaining in the International Association, and that as they joined the League he withdraws, and will go to the Springfield team under Ferguson, who is getting up a nine that will push the best League teams pretty hard in 1879.

Chicago made the highest total of runs in the League arena in 1878, scoring 273 to Providence's 246, Boston's 243, Cincinnati's 238, Indianapolis's 181, and Milwaukee's 117. Boston won eight games by double figure scores; Cincinnati eight; Providence seven; Chicago twelve; Indianapolis four, and Milwaukee five.

Harry Wright is the advocate of leaving out of the rule describing the form of the bat the word "round," and requiring only that the diameter of the bat in its widest part shall not exceed 2 1-2 inches. This is to admit of a bat with four sides above the handle. Harry is confident that it would greatly improve the batting by giving the batsman the power to "place" a ball, which it is now impossible to do in the face of curve swift pitching. It will be tried in 1880 beyond a doubt.

The Syracuse *Courier* says: "It appears that the number of games to be played next season by the League clubs has not yet been fixed. The matter is in the hands of Messrs. Hulbert and Neff, of the Chicago and Cincinnati clubs, and the schedule will be arranged by them alone. As the matter now stands, it is possible that eighty-four championship games between League clubs may take place. The Eastern clubs will come West early in the season, and all depends upon whether a sufficient proportion of the games can be played here before the 30th of May, as it is considered necessary for all hands to reach the East by Decoration Day.

The new Springfield Base-ball Association was organized on the night of December 26th, with W. H. Wright as president; S. S. Bailey, secretary, and Colonel H. M. Phillips as treasurer. The meeting was well attended and very enthusiastic. Captain Ferguson, with President Wright, were elected delegates to the International association meeting at Utica. As subscriptions already amount to $25,000, no difficulty is expected in doubling it, relying on the receipts for $5,000 more, $10,000 being the expenses for 1879. The idea of joining the league was found to be impracticable, as Western clubs never consent to twenty-five cents gate admission; but Captain Ferguson thought it feasible to organize Eastern league clubs between Buffalo and Boston, excluding clubs West, and he was authorized to interview Harry Wright and Providence clubs on the matter. Mr. Ferguson thinks the Springfields are equal to Providence, and that the Stars and Buffaloes entering the league will not hurt the former. In case the present league continues he will do all he can to secure permission for the Springfields to play on Boston and Providence grounds during the championship season.

The case of Ross Barnes *vs.* the Chicago Club for arrears of salary alleged to be due for the time when he was unable to give his services on account of illness, is of deep interest to professionals. The Chicago judge decided that, under the contract between the parties, Barnes was not entitled to demand payment of his salary during the period of his illness and inability to play ball. This illness continued for three and a half months in the middle of the ball season of 1877. The question was presented by demurrer to a count in Barnes's declaration, in which the contract was relied upon. When the case came up for final hearing on all the facts it was attempted on the part of Barnes to prove that a custom existed among managers of ball clubs to pay their players whether sick or well. Some evidence was offered tending to show that in individual cases where players were injured on the field, in play, their wages were paid during the period of their inability to perform service consequent upon such injury. The court held, however, that the evidence failed to prove that the alleged custom was so general and uniform as to change the legal rights of the parties under their expressed contract, and so entered judgment for the defendant. Barnes has appealed to the Appellate Court.

Cricket.

The season of 1878 was a very successful one for the Staten Island Club, and one more creditable to them than any previous season, from the fact that they depended more for success upon their own club talent than upon the borrowed aid which the "revolving" system admits of. In time they will get out of this system entirely by playing in their elevens in match games none but those who play matches only in their own club elevens. The Staten Island Club won eight first-eleven matches out of ten played, and lost two; and they won two out of three second-eleven games. Like all our metropolitan clubs the Islanders play too few second-eleven matches. This season they did not play a single junior match, the neglect of the juniors in this respect being another drawback to the cricket welfare of the club. They defeated the Longwood Club of Boston; the Fall River Club and the Germantown and also the St. George and Manhattan Clubs, the latter twice, losing one game to St. George and one to the Merion. In these games they scored 1,011 runs to 855. Too many men played in first-eleven matches, no less than twenty-seven different players taking part in such games, when at most the range of selection for a first-eleven should not exceed fifteen.

The three best averages in batting in first-eleven contests were as follows:

Players.	Matches.	Inn.	Highest single score.	Ave.
Harvey	5	9	27*	16-71
Kessler	8	15	27*	9-36
Ronaldson	6	11	9	9-33

The best bowling averages were as follows:

Bowler.	Balls.	Runs.	M'd's.	W'k'ts.	W'd's.	Ave.
Sprague	1025	283	51	62	1	4-57
Stevens	665	223	23	34	9	6-85
Harvey	645	186	29	27	22	7-70

Skating.

There are two things essential to the enjoyment of skating, one is good smooth ice, and the other a pair of the "best skates in the market." American skates both in pattern and excellence of material now surpass all others in the world, and the best of them recommend themselves for the following important reasons: They are simply and easily adjusted, to suit any size of boot or shoe. They do not need any key, wrench or other apparatus to adjust them, being complete in themselves. They obviate the necessity of any previous preparation of the boot or shoe with plates or other fixtures. They are self-adjusting to any size of sole or heel. They are made of the very best material to be obtained, no common or cast-iron skates being manufactured, and they are more durable and less liable to get out of order than others on account of their simplicity of construction. The most prominent skates in the market are all of the "club" kind, so called, which need no straps.

Skating Notes.

The ball went up at last in the Central Park, New York City, a day or two after Christmas.

The Union Pond in Williamsburgh is also opened and fine sport anticipated for the rest of the season.

The skating-rink of the Manhattan Athletic Club at Fifty-sixth street and Eighth avenue profited by the delay of the Park. More than 1,600 tickets were taken at the door on Christmas Day. At 6 P. M. the skaters were ordered off, and the ice scraped and flooded.

In Brooklyn skating was indulged in to an extent not equaled for years past on Christmas Day. Fully 3,000 persons were on the Capitoline Lake in the afternoon, and on all the ponds in the suburbs. The ice was thick, strong, and smooth. Hundreds who visited Prospect Park were disappointed in finding the frozen lake cut off from public use, owing to large holes cut in different places by the gale of Tuesday night. On the small lake there was open water under both bridges, while in sheltered spots the ice was four inches thick. In front of the well house the Caledonian and Thistle Curling Clubs laid out a rink on the ice of the large lake and had their inaugural game of the season.

Curling.

The glorious Scotch winter sport of curling was inaugurated for the season of 1878, at Prospect Park, on December 26th, by members of the two Brooklyn clubs, the Caledonian and Thistle, two clubs, by the way, which if amalgamated would make a strong representative organization. The members present laid out a rink near shore on the ice in front of the Well House, and choosing sides, with Messrs. Lewis and McPherson as "skips," they had a good practice game despite the intense cold, the result of the contest being the success of Lewis's side by 25 to 21. There will be practice games played there daily now, as the ice is keen for curling.

On the 27th the Curling Clubs of New York began practice on the curling lake at Central Park, just above Seventy-fifth street.

Ice Boating.

The *Lady of the Lake* and the *Icicle* were the first two boats of the Prospect Park Ice Boat Club to be launched this season, and if a snowstorm does not interfere there will be excellent ice boating on the Park lake during January. No sailing was indulged in, as a large gap of water to the leeward on the dam side made it too dangerous an experiment to cross the lake, especially as there was also another opening to the right.

Billiards.

In practice with Joe Dion, George Slosson lately made the tremendous run of 868 points, the largest ever achieved in legitimate play. It was witnessed by Maurice Daly and other experts. Sexton same evening ran 414, and followed it with 331 the next inning.

These runs made the final contest between the two men for the championship at Tammany Hall, Dec. 27th, one of unusual interest. The game was one of three-ball French carom billiards for 600 points. The referee was Mr. Asa D. Morse, of Boston. The umpires were Samuel Knight for Slosson, and A. P. Rudolphe for Sexton. The balls were then weighed. During the delay caused by this unusual practice the audience became very impatient, and a few hisses were heard. Sexton won the lead, and choosing the white ball, began the game. Betting was $100 to $40 on Sexton before the game began. In the first inning Sexton made 71 points.

In the tenth inning he took the balls along the upper cushion for thirty-two, then drawing the white ball to the other side of the table, brought them all together in the corner where he started, and again ran them across the table and made 73 points before missing. In the sixteenth innings Sexton made 100 points, and continued until he rolled the score up to 158. Slosson succeeded in the 17th inning in adding 140 to his score. After this Slosson with two exceptions did not make over five points in succession. Sexton began the twenty-ninth with ninety-nine points to go. Slosson's score then was 468, but before he had a chance to play, Sexton ran the game out, winning by 132.

The score is as follows:

Sexton—71, 3, 0, 1, 12, 2, 1, 0, 31, 1, 7, 0, 7, 10, 1, 158, 0, 20, 1, 0, 13, 43, 2, 1, 2, 108, 3, 3, 99—600.

Slosson—8, 2, 2, 7, 0, 7, 0, 0, 3, 73, 1, 65, 67, 3, 24, 6, 140, 3, 0, 5, 21, 0, 3, 1, 26, 0, 0, 6—468.

Averages—Sexton, 20 7-29; Slosson, 16 1-4.

Highest runs—Sexton, 158, 108; Slosson, 140, 73.

CHESS.

CHESS PLAYERS' DIRECTORY.

New York Chess Rooms.—Café Engel, No. 356 Bowery.

Turner Hall Chess Club.—Nos. 66 and 68 East Fourth street.

New York Chess Club.—Café Cosmopolitan, No. 1 1-2 Second avenue.

Manhattan Chess Club.—Café Logeling, No. 49 Bowery.

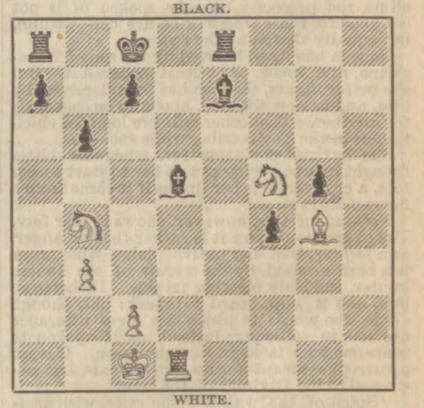
The Brooklyn Chess Club meets daily in the Brooklyn Library Building, Montague street.

Williamsburg Philidor Chess Club.—Turn Hall, 71 and 73 Meserole street. Meets for play on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

PROBLEM No. 8.

BY H. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Chess Solutions.

Add sends the following correct alternative solutions to Problem No. 5:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q. to K's Kt's 7, check.	1. B. to K's B's 3.
2. Q. to Q's Kt's 7, mate.	
OR,	
1. Q. to K's Kt's 7, check.	1. K. to Q's 3.
2. Q. to Q's B's 7, mate.	

J. Louis Lomer, Brooklyn, sends alternative solutions of No. 6. The first is incorrect. The second is correct, as follows:

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt. to K's 7.	1. K. to K. R's 2.
2. Kt. to K. B's 6, mate.	

Athletics.

The O'Leary-Campana Match.

THE great match has come off and there is no denying that it has been a great disappointment. It was confidently expected by all that the best distance ever made within the given time would be excelled, instead of which neither man has done anything remarkable, and both have fallen short of their own previous performances. It seems that neither was in first-class condition, O'Leary especially having neglected his training, besides indulging in stimulants. Had the contest been one of fast work for a day, it is probable that O'Leary would have been beaten; for his opponent, though not in training, and perfectly devoid of skill or experience as a walker, is said to be strictly temperate. In the long-continued struggle of slow work, O'Leary's superior style and experience told, and he himself gradually walked off his biliousness, while Campana's age and physical injuries pulled him slowly but surely down.

The start was made at one o'clock Monday morning, Dec. 23d, before the referee, Mr. Wm. B. Curtis and the judges of the first twenty-four hours, who went on as follows: W. I. K. Kendrick, J. I. Ribles, W. W. White, Harlem A. C., 1 to 6 A. M. Isaac Duryea, C. W. Horton, Jas. Robinson, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. Dr. Thomas H. Bailey, A. B. Wilson, J. W. Clinch, Knickerbocker A. C., 12 M. to 6 P. M. John Gath, Samuel N. Hoag, Howard G. Badgley, American A. C., 6 P. M. to 12 P. M.

From the start Campana had the advantage by walking fast and breaking into a slow trot at the turns of the tracks. Thus, though he was outside and had the longest laps to go, he always managed to keep abreast of O'Leary, gaining nearly a ninth on each mile. The contest in the early hours of the night was dull and uninteresting from the absence of spectators, but as the morning went on the people came in quite often, and a crowd of several hundred people had gathered. At noon the score stood: O'Leary, 42; Campana 51 miles, and both men went into their cabins to rest awhile. These cabins were set up in the midst of Gilmore's Garden on either side of the track, and provided with every comfort the pedestrians could afford. O'Leary's was much the larger, and the champion had provided himself with every luxury, including a large quantity of champagne to keep him up to his work.

The first thing that struck the observer in the Garden on this day was the great contrast in style and bearing of the two men. O'Leary did nothing but walk, just as he appears in the excellent portrait published in No. 4 of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, wherein his style is very well caught. Campana, on the other hand, while perfectly recognizable by his portrait in our No. 3 as to face, figure and dress, was walking in a very different style, his arms hanging straight and swinging, his head bowed forward. It became evident that when "Sport" stood for that portrait he was put into a correct walking attitude by his trainer, and that he was too old to learn and practice it. In fact his walking was all that it ought not to be, while O'Leary's style was perfect.

When it came to running, the relative merits of the men changed. O'Leary does not know how to run long distances, while Campana is perfect in the ease of his motions. The moment he sets off on his jog-trot, his arms go up, perpendicular from the elbow, and he swings away with a smooth lope which seems to jar him hardly at all. The distance had, however, begun to tell on him on Monday at noon, for he was evidently stiff and lame as he came on the track, and it took several laps before he limbered out again. As the afternoon wore on, he seemed decidedly to freshen, and in the evening of Monday "Sport" was still seven miles ahead of O'Leary, and slouching round the track with an air of the utmost indifference, while O'Leary was plainly suffering as he walked. "Sport" kept his lead till Tuesday, when the following judges came on:

John C. Wray, J. W. Smith, Frank Nichols, American A. C., 12 M. to 6 A. M. T. H. Armstrong, F. J. Mott, F. Banham, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. H. P. Pike, W. M. Watson, F. V. Brown, Manhattan A. C. 12 M. to 6 P. M. T. A. McEwen, H. A. Cohen, H. E. Springer, Manhattan A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

Tuesday was a day of triumph for Campana up to noon, when he had increased his lead to twelve miles, but after that his stock rapidly declined, while that of O'Leary as rapidly went up. In brief, "Sport" became demoralized and used up. While he had made 90 miles on Monday, he could only compass 60 on Tuesday, and by midnight O'Leary had closed the gap between them and was ahead, while Campana was sleeping in his cabin. From thenceforth the fate of "Sport" seemed to be sealed. He was bound to be beaten.

The judges on Christmas Day were: W. McEwen, F. B. Sidell, J. Krawshaw, Manhattan A. C., 12 to 6 A. M. F. Mulrein, William Keeler, G. E. Horton, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. John Gath, Samuel N. Hoag, Howard G. Badgley, American A. C., 12 to 6 P. M. Leslie C. Bruce, R. Baldwin, J. Marion Pollock, Knickerbocker A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

The record of Christmas was one of continual triumph for O'Leary, the champion rolling up mile after mile at his steady walk, while Campana hobbled along, completely used up, to all appearance. The crowds that had begun to come to the garden on Monday were much more numerous on Tuesday, and on Christmas there was a perfect jam all day. At the close of the third day, O'Leary was twenty miles ahead, and Campana asleep; O'Leary had made 225 miles, Campana 205. It thus became very doubtful whether either of the men would make the 450 miles stipulated for in the conditions as to be made by the loser, if he would take a share in the gate money.

Thursday brought on the following judges: John C. Wray, J. W. Smith, Frank Nichols, American A. C., 12 to 6 A. M. Isaac Jurgen, C. W. Horton, James Robinson, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. Dr. Thomas H. Bailey, A. B. Wilson, J. W. Clinch, Knickerbocker A. C., 12 to 6 P. M. John Gath, Samuel N. Hoag, Howard G. Badgley, American A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

The race was only a repetition of the day before; O'Leary increasing his lead—Campana doing his best, but in vain, to reduce it. Owing to a change of trainers, "Sport" was not so completely crippled as he had seemed the day before, and the record closed: O'Leary, 290 miles; Campana, 260.

On Friday the following judges went on: G. Hillwig, J. B. Daley, George Newman, Harlem A. C., 12 to 6 A. M. H. P. Pike, W. M. Watson, J. V. Brown, Manhattan A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. T. H. Armstrong, F. J. Mott, F. Banham, Harlem A. C., 12 to 6 P. M. Leslie C. Bruce, R. Baldwin, J. M. Pollock, Knickerbocker A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

The contest on this day had reduced itself into this: Would Campana be able to do 450 miles and earn his fourth of the gate money seeing that nearly $20,000 had already been taken in? The result shows that he could not possibly do it, and it very soon transpired that a private arrangement had been made between the men by which Campana was to receive a certain sum if he continued to walk, so as to attract more gate money instead of giving up and so closing the match. At the end of the day the record stood: O'Leary 351 miles, Campana 315, poor old "Sport" having lost another six miles, and it became plain that neither man could now cover the required 450 miles.

The last day of the contest was given to the decision of the following judges:

W. I. K. Kendrick, J. I. Riblets, W. W. White, Harlem, A. C., 12 to 6 A. M. T. H. Armstrong, F. J. Mott, F. Banham, Harlem A. C., 6 A. M. to 12 M. Isaac Durgen, C. M. Horton, James Robinson, Harlem A. C., 12 to 6 P. M. John Gath, Samuel N. Hoag, Howard G. Badgley, American A. C., 6 to 12 P. M.

It wore wearily on to its close, and the final result of this grand walking match of which so much was expected was as follows: O'Leary 400 miles, Campana 357. In other words it was a complete fiasco, except as to the amount of gate money received, which exceeded the most sanguine expectation. As for O'Leary, nothing but his unsurpassed style and method of walking saved him from a defeat, for his training was of the worst, and he was only kept up to his work by copious libations of champagne and whisky, which inflamed the sores already existing on his feet. One of his toe-nails came off during the latter part of the contest, and had he been opposed to Corkey, Vaughan, Weston or "Blower" Brown, he must have been badly beaten. As for Campana, one of two things is pretty certain. Either his Bridgeport record was all a delusion or else he was miserably neglected by his trainers during the match with O'Leary. As a walker he is below contempt, but as a long-distance runner he might become famous were he some years younger.

Hare and Hounds.

TRUE to their promise the Westchester Club had their second run on Christmas Day with a bitter cold wind to face, but nerve and energy enough to face it and come in glowing with the exercise. THE YOUNG NEW YORKER saw the start, which was fine, but as we before intimated we did not take that "twenty-mile run" ourselves, neither did the pack, for that matter. W. Vosburgh and L. A. Berte were the Hares, and W. J. Duffey, B. Bates, W. J. K. Kendrick, George Hillwig, W. W. Wright, J. Lustrade, B. Van Riper, H. Smythe, H. B. Fielding, J. Brady, E. Malson, George Dalde, W. C. Hamilton and W. O. Merrill were Hounds. Pace-master, J. B. Haviland. Whippers-in, James Lowe and W. H. B. Dubois. The Hares started at 10:05 A. M., the Hounds ten minutes later, from Schroeder's Hotel, Woodlawn. The Hares wore each a bunch of red hair on the breast. In starting, they turned first to the right of Woodlawn Cemetery, and dropped their first scent three-quarters of a mile along. Then they turned north over a swamp which was frozen, passed Central avenue, and crossed the Bronx river over a log. After a short time, feeling themselves secure, they stopped and wrote a note to the Hounds, which they left on a rail fence in a conspicuous position. The note read simply: "Dear Hounds, have you found the Hares?" Then they ran through the village of South Yonkers until they came to a cliff, where they scattered paper in a very ingenious manner to indicate that they had scaled the hight and passed on. But in point of fact they turned to the eastward, and soon left another small note for the Hounds, saying, "All's well." Then they crossed a railroad track, struck Central avenue again, and ran along the turnpike toward Mount Vernon. They reached the hotel at precisely 12:05, clothing somewhat torn, and rather short of wind. Duffey, of the Hounds, came in 22 minutes later, and Merrill 29 minutes later. Fielding and Hamilton reached the hotel exactly half an hour after the arrival of the Hares. It was a good run of some ten miles or more.

Christmas week saw a second Hare and Hounds Club organized by Columbia College-students, which made its first run Dec. 23d, in the same Westchester county where so much sport is obtainable. Messrs. Taylor and Parsons, as Hares, started from Stoak's Central House, in Morrisania, at 10:47, according to the reports of participators, and the Hounds, headed by Paine and Morgan as whippers-in, left the house ten minutes later. The wind was very strong and blew the scent in all directions, so that, although the Hares afterward declared they laid it very thick, it was most difficult to find any traces of the route to be followed. The trail was lost in front of Mr. L. G. Morris's place, and for some time it seemed as if it was gone forever; but at last H. Parsons found some paper on Mr. Morris's drive, and the Hounds dashed on in pursuit once more. Many were the twists and turns which were taken, till at length all came to a standstill by the house of Mr. Edson, who pulled No. 2 in the crew at Henley last year. Much time was lost again, but at length the hunt took up the scent and followed it till three roads met, and then another balk occurred, after which the hunt was continued without stopping down to the track of the Hudson River Railroad, up which it went nearly to Farmer's Bridge. Here the Hounds were in despair and ran up and down in vain. After a long time a break was made up a hill and here Morgan took up the scent, and, by dint of following what could be found and questioning small boys, Jerome Park was reached. Here the Hares had turned sharply to the north, and after about half a mile had turned east again, after which, by a considerable *détour* they reached Central avenue by the entrance to the track, where, having deposited all the remaining paper in a heap, they had started for home. On reaching Central avenue the Hounds started at the best pace they could muster for the hotel, and at four minutes of two o'clock Sayre ran in, followed by Paine, behind whom came Bates, Bissell, Otis and the rest in a string. The Hares in the meantime had dressed and were engaged in refreshing the inner man after their twelve-mile run. The next meet is to be in January.

New Athletic Rules.

I.

THE New York Athletic Club, having lately put forth the first series of rules for the government of athletic meetings, we have concluded to publish them in parts until finished, as our space permits. They are likely to be adopted by all clubs without any serious modification. The rules are as follows:

MEETINGS.

Officers.—The officers of an athletic meeting shall be: One clerk of the course, with assistants, if necessary; one starter; one judge of walking, with assistants, if necessary; one scorer, with assistants, if necessary; three timekeepers; three judges at the finish; three measurers; one referee.

Clerk of the Course.—He shall record the name of each competitor who shall report to him; shall give him his number for each game in which he is entered, and notify him, five minutes before the start, of every event in which he is engaged. The assistants shall do such portions of his work as he may assign to them.

Starter.—He shall have entire control of competitors at their marks; shall strictly enforce Law 3, and shall be the sole judge of fact as to whether or no any man has gone over his mark. His decision in such cases shall be final and without appeal.

Judge of Walking.—He shall have entire control of competitors during the race; shall strictly enforce Law 8, and his decision as to unfair walking shall be final and without appeal. The assistants shall do such portion of his work as he may assign to them.

Scorer.—He shall record the laps made by each competitor, and call them aloud when tallied, for the information of the contestants. He shall record the order of finishing and the times of the competitors in walking and running races. The assistants shall do such portions of his work as he may assign to them.

Timekeepers.—Each of the three timekeepers shall time every event, and in case of disagreement the average of the three shall be the official time. Time to be taken from the flash of the pistol.

Judges at the Finish.—Two shall stand at one end of the tape, and the third at the other. One shall take the winner, another the second man, and the other the third man; they shall also note the distances between the first three as they finish. In case of disagreement the majority shall decide. Their decision as to the order in which the men finish shall be final and without appeal.

Measurers.—They shall measure and record each trial of each competitor in all games whose record is one of distance or hight. Their decision as to the performance of each man shall be final and without appeal.

Referee.—He shall, when appealed to, decide all questions whose settlement is not provided for in these rules, and his decision shall be final and without appeal.

Competitors.—Immediately on arriving at the grounds each competitor shall report to the clerk of the course, and receive his number for the game in which he is entered. He shall inform himself of the times at which he must compete, and will report promptly at the start, without waiting to be notified. No competitor allowed to start without his proper number.

Inner Grounds.—No person whatsoever allowed inside the track except the officials and properly-accredited representatives of the press. The authorized persons will wear a badge, and intruders will be promptly ejected. Competitors not engaged in the game actually taking place will not be allowed inside or upon the track.

Next week we shall print the laws of athletics in full.

Athletic Notes.

EIGHT amateur pedestrians started at the Newark Rink, December 26th, nine P. M., to walk forty-eight hours. William Paulin, William Doran, William Brown, George Smyth, Thomas Leonard, J. Flitcroft; Philip Brower and Mr. Voight. According to the judges the score at nine o'clock next night stood as follows: Smith, 94; Doran, 91; Paulin, 78; Brown, 85; Flitcroft, 100; Brower, 77; Voight, 86, and Leonard, 77. This beats the champions all to pieces on first day.

Rod and Gun

The Bogardus Tournament.

CAPT. BOGARDUS having resigned the title of champion wing-shot of America, to assume the more important one of champion of the world, recently arranged a three days' tournament for pigeon and glass-ball shooting at the Brooklyn Driving Park, to decide the championship of America. The contest opened on Christmas Day, and only ten marksmen came up owing to the intense cold and wind. The first day's shooting was for $500 and the champion gold medal, the latter to be held open to competition for two years before becoming the sole property of the winner. Each competitor had to shoot at 20 single and 10 double birds, which were sprung from five traps, situated 25 yards from the shooter. The price of entry was $20, with $10 additional to pay for the birds. Following are the entries: J. A. Nichols, Syracuse, N. Y.; S. A. Tucker, New York; Abe Kleinman, Chicago; Dr. Talbot, New York; E. Hudson, Syracuse, N.Y.; Myles Johnson, New Jersey; E. L. Mills, Washington, D. C.; F. Gildersleeve, Brooklyn; J. R. Clark, Des Moines, Iowa, and H. Haight.

The result of the first day's shooting was as follows:

	Killed.	Missed.		Killed.	Missed.
A. Kleinman	16	4	E. Hudson	11	9
Dr. Talbot	14	6	J. A. Nichols	9	11
M. Johnson	13	7	J. R. Clark	9	11
S. A. Tucker	13	7	H. Haight	9	11
E. L. Mills	12	8	F. Gildersleeve	8	12

Both Kleinman and Myles Johnson are old antagonists of Bogardus. The captain pulled the traps, but the birds were so crippled by the cold that they refused to fly until knocked up with clubs. Altogether the first day's shooting could not be considered a success.

The second day's shooting was more satisfactory, the weather not quite so cold, the birds more lively. The score at the close of the day for the championship stood:

	Single.	Double.	Total.
Kleinman	16	17	33
Johnson	13	14	27
Talbot	14	12	26
Haight	9	17	26
Hudson	11	12	23
Gildersleeve	8	14	22
Clark	9	13	22
Tucker	13	7	20
Mills	12	7	19
Nichols	9	7	16

The result of the shooting at 30 glass-balls was as follows: Templeton broke 25 and missed 5 out of 30; Gildersleeve broke 21 and missed 9; Dr. Talbot broke 28 and missed 2; Smith broke 22 and missed 8; W. M. Edmonds broke 28 and missed 2; Ed. Hudson broke 26 and missed 4; Myles Johnson broke 19 and missed 11; E. L. Mills broke 26 and missed 4; Abe Kleinman broke 29 and missed only 1.

The last day's shooting took place in still cloudy weather, and the official scores stood as follows:

W. Edmonds broke 96 balls out of a hundred; E. Hudson, broke 88; Dr. Talbot, 88; A. Kleinman 84; E. L. Mills, 81; L. Smith, 71; F. Gildersleeve, 68; Myles Johnson, 61; George Templeton 25, and withdrew.

This closed the match and decided the championship. The glass ball shooting occupied two days, the intermission not being counted in the score, which includes the first 30 balls recorded on Thursday. Mr. Edmonds thus becomes glass-ball champion of the United States, and Captain Bogardus gave him the medal. Mr. Edmonds, who is a young man of business, did not wish to take the medal, as he said that his business would prevent his accepting any challenges therefor, but the captain told him to take it, show it to his friends, and if any one challenged him, Bogardus would be responsible.

Old Abe Kleinman of Chicago then received the badge of champion wing-shot of America, having killed 35 out of 40 pigeons. Kleinman is an old antagonist of Bogardus. The second pigeon match in which the present world's champion ever engaged was against Kleinman, and Bogardus was beaten by him, but in subsequent matches Kleinman was beaten again and again.

Rod and Gun Notes.

CAPT. BOGARDUS has thrown down the gauntlet at last and challenges any man in the world to shoot against him. This means Dr. Carver of course and we may expect a square match to be made up between these champions of rifle and shot-gun at no distant date.

AT Suffolk Park, Philadelphia, Ira Paine undertook the breaking of 100 glass-balls, thrown by James Devlin, a well-known base-ball pitcher. Devlin, in handling the balls, was to throw them in any direction in the air, with the exception of behind the shooter, and not lower than the knees. One hundred and five balls were thrown, but four were declared "no balls," being sent too close to the ground, and three extra were allowed on "snaps." Of the 98 shot at by Mr. Paine, 57 were struck, and 41 missed. The greatest execution was done with balls sent directly in front of him, and on the left quarter, while a majority of his misses were of those thrown perpendicularly and with slow motion.

The Gun Club of Waco, Texas, shot an exciting contest December 21st, for a fine gold-headed cane, Bogardus rules and traps, twenty yards rise. The referees were Mr. John T. Richards of Brooklyn, Captain R. B. Varrot and S. A. Hogan. The following were the scores: Ezra McCall, 11; J. Thomson, 12; W. S. Almond, 11; C. McCullough, 13; W. T. Lane, 13; S. A. Garland, 10. The tie between Messrs. C. McCullough and W. T. Lane was decided by firing at five balls and Mr. Lane won, breaking all five, McCullough missing two. The second score was as follows: E. McCall, 11; J. Thomson, 13; W. S. Almond, 12; C. McCullough, 14; W. T. Lane, 15. The cane, having been won by Mr. Lane, was presented to him on the spot by the judges. The prize was given to the club by Messrs. Tatham Bro., shot manufacturers, N. Y.

Yachting and Rowing.

Yachting and Rowing Notes.

THE two trial eights of the Oxford University for next spring's race weigh respectively 1,434 and 1,457 pounds. The average weight of each man only varies 3 lbs., the heaviest crew averaging 182 lbs. per man. This shows that Harvard will have to meet heavy men next year.

THE Beaverwycks, who beat the London Rowing Club four at the Philadelphia Centennial Regatta of 1876, have since that exploit become extinct as a rowing club. The Mutuals of Albany are however said to be seriously thinking of coming to England next spring to tackle the English oarsmen on their own water. We hope they will do it.

EDWARD HANLON, now in England, is said to have offered to row the two brothers Gaudaur, of Orilia, Canada, a couple of novel matches. He will scull the brothers two miles for 2,000 dollars, each of them rowing a mile of the distance; and for the same amount he will row single scull against their double scull, in best and best boats, two miles with a turn, both events to come off on Toronto Bay.

Our readers will remember the Gaudaurs as rowing the last match of the past season at Orilia described in No. 2 of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. They will be tough subjects for Hanlon at his best.

THE English *Land and Water* says a very sensible thing about our college oarsmen, which they might lay to heart with advantage. The words are: "It is to be hoped that these crews will become rather more particular in the matter of decent clothing. In the recent Harvard and Yale match the bodies of the competitors were only covered from the waist to the knees. In this costume they paddled about within a few yards of hundreds of ladies, and any English oarsman who should appear at an amateur regatta with only the Harvard-Yale uniform would be hissed from the river.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

Amateur Fancier.

The Keeping of Rabbits.

AN exchange very truly says that too little attention is paid to the keeping of rabbits. They can be, and are in some countries, made as profitable as poultry. They are cheap, increase rapidly, require only such care as any child can give, and thrive in close confinement, in this respect being superior to poultry. The flesh is agreeable and nutritious and does not remain undigested in delicate stomachs, like beef or pork. The rabbit, too, is a save-all like the pig, transmuting useless weeds and vegetable offal into useful fur and flesh. The apple and potato parings from the kitchen; the pieces of turnips, carrots, and celery leaves, which usually go to waste, seem to give variety to the daily fare of the rabbits, and materially lessen the cost of their keep. They will eat almost any vegetable grown in the garden, or on the farm, or will do as well as a sheep upon dry hay and oats.

The only precaution required in giving them food, is that it shall be free from dew or other wet. The weeds in the garden can be hoed up and left to wilt a little while in the sunshine, and will then be readily eaten, and are a wholesome food. If sowed corn is fed, it must be partially dried before being given, as too succulent food produces disease. Rabbits drink very little water, even when fed entirely on dry hay and grain, and need none if fed some green food, like kitchen refuse and wilted weeds. Cabbage leaves should be wilted before being fed, as there is too much water in them otherwise. Dry bran and oats are the best grain for breeding animals, but they can have some corn meal when being fattened for the table. The principal part of the food should be dry grain and hay, and green food should be given more sparingly.

A rabbit will thrive in a box or pen 3 feet long, 18 inches wide, and 15 inches deep. This size is all that is absolutely necessary, but larger pens are better, as giving more room for exercise. They also take more time in cleaning.

Whistling a Squirrel.

ONE calm, creamy, Indian summer morning, when the nuts were ripe, I was camped in the upper pine woods of the south fork of the San Joaquin, where the squirrels seemed to be about as plentiful as the ripe burrs. They were taking an early breakfast before going to their regular harvest work. While I was busy with my own breakfast I heard the thudding fall of two or three heavy cones from a yellow pine near me, and stole noiselessly forward within about twenty feet of the base of it to observe. In a few moments down came a squirrel. The breakfast burrs he had cut off had rolled on the gently sloping ground into a clump of ceanothus bushes, but he seemed to know exactly where they were, for he found them at once, apparently without searching for them.

Breakfast done, I thought I would whistle a tune for him before he went to work, curious to see how he would be affected by it. He had not seen me all this while; but the instant I began, he darted up the tree nearest to him, and came out on a small dead limb opposite me, and composed himself to listen. I sung and whistled more than a dozen tunes, and as the music changed his eyes sparkled, and he turned his head quickly from side to side, but made no other response. Other squirrels, hearing the strange sounds, came around on all sides, chipmunks also, and birds. One of the birds, a handsome, speckle-breasted thrush, seemed even more interested than the squirrels. After listening for a while on one of the lower dead sprays of a pine, he came swooping forward within a few feet of my face, where he remained fluttering in the air for half a minute or so, sustaining himself with whirring wing-beats, like a humming-bird in front of a flower, while I could look into his eyes and see his innocent wonder.

By this time my performance must have lasted nearly half an hour. I sung or whistled "Bonnie Doon," "Lass o' Gowrie," "O'er the Water to Charlie," "Bonnie Woods o' Cragie Lee," etc., all of which seemed to be listened to with bright interest, my first squirrel sitting patiently through it all, with his telling eyes fixed upon me until I ventured to give the "Old Hundredth," when he screamed his Indian name, Phillillooeet, turned tail, and darted up the tree out of sight, his voice and actions in the case leaving a somewhat profane impression, as if he had said, "I'll be hanged if you get me to hear anything so solemn and unpiney." This acted as a signal for the general dispersal of the whole hairy tribe, though the birds seemed willing to wait further developments, music being naturally more in their line.—*John Muir, in Scribner.*

What Yellow Birds Eat.

A FARMER wanted to borrow a gun from a neighbor to kill some yellow birds in his field of wheat, which were eating the grain. His neighbor declined to lend the gun, for he thought the birds useful. In order to satisfy his curiosity he shot one of them, opened its craw, and found in it two hundred weevils and four grains of wheat, and these four grains the weevil had burrowed. This was a most instructive lesson, and worth the life of the poor bird, valuable as it was.

Amateur Fancier's Notes.

THE Troy Homing Pigeon Society announces the following programme for next season: First race, May 9th, 1879, from St. Johnsville, distance 54 miles; second, from Utica, May 17th, distance 85 1-2 miles; third, from Syracuse, May 24th, distance 130 1-2 miles; fourth, from Lyons, May 31st, distance 74 miles; fifth, from Rochester, June 14th, distance 206 1-2 miles.

Bicycling.

MOUNTED on his fifty-two inch wheel, with the wind humming in the spokes and the milestones flitting behind him, the bicyclist appropriates the æsthetic meaning of the "winged heel" with which the ancients endowed the messenger of the gods. The prophetic myth of the wise and athletic Greeks has become a modern reality. To get over the ground and through the water in the quickest manner is the goal for which ardent spirits in all ages have put forth their best endeavors. The bicycle ranks among those gifts of science to man, by which he is enabled to supplement his own puny powers with the exhaustless forces around him. He sits in the saddle, and all nature is but a four-footed beast to do his bidding. Why should he go afoot, when he can ride a mustang of steel, who knows his rider and never needs a lasso? This is no boy's plaything. There are plenty of men, and their numbers are increasing, who prefer it on some accounts to a horse or yacht. It is the only way by which you can run and not be weary, and walk and not faint. Bicycling is walking, with scientific economy of expended energy. It is an extension of the person, an enlargement of the bodily functions in the direction of locomotion. It seems difficult to the uninitiated to keep one's balance on a vertical wheel, but the mechanical principle, or knack of the thing, is as easily acquired as skating, and much easier than to balance a load on the head. The feat is somewhat gyroscopic and less than it looks to be. Once learned, it is an elegant and healthful accomplishment, worth all the time and money it costs. "Good-by, sick list!" is the hail of a good bicyclist as he leaps into the saddle for a ten or twenty-mile run. The bicycle is not intended to be a "common carrier," but it will carry a man with some light baggage and give him the equivalent of a pair of legs ten feet long. There is no sensation in the saddle of being balanced on a knife-edge. This feeling is an element of danger in itself, and must be overcome. As to safety in general, the bicycle being a machine is safer than a horse, for the latter has a will of his own to be consulted and controlled. Bicycling is an institution having already developed the elements of permanency.

Every boy in the coming generation should be trained to it, commencing with the velocipede at an early age. Get a good machine by all means; and, if you can afford it, indulge in the luxury of a first-class article; one that you can ride with the loose rein of confidence, throwing your entire muscle into a level spurt or a steep ascent, with no nervous apprehension of a badly made screw, or a loose rubber, or subsequent repairs.

The exhilaration of bicycling must be felt to be appreciated. With the wind singing in your ears, and the mind as well as body in a higher plane, there is an ecstasy of triumph over inertia, gravitation, and the other lazy ties that bind us. You are traveling! Not being traveled. You look upon horse-machines with contempt, and even your old acquaintance, the pedestrian, with pity. The saddle, firm as a pillar, bears up your 170 pounds dead weight, which in walking you have to raise up and lower with every step. Your body is at rest; the legs only are in motion, and your walking stroke geared up to a wheel thirteen feet in circumference, shod with rubber. You sit and glide with scarcely perceptible jar, but the towns and villages dwindle as you pass through them. The birds that cleave the air have a like motion with yourself.—*Boston Advertiser.*

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of twenty-five cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

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SOME ONE'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there, leaning wearily
  Against the window frame,
Her face was patient, sad and sweet,
  Her garments coarse and plain.
"Who is she, pray?"
  The red lips gave a curl—
"Really! I do not know her name;
  She's some one's servant girl."

Again I saw her on the street,
  With burden trudge along.
Her face was sweet and patient still,
  Among the jostling throng.
Slowly, but cheerfully she moved,
  Guarding with watchful care,
A market basket much too large
  For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I'd thought a gentleman,
  Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
  But turning not his eye;
For there was no necessity,
  Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman—
  To "some one's servant girl."

Ah! well it is, that God above
  Looks in upon the heart
And never judges any one,
  By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good,
  He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments were—
  In which the form was dressed.

And many a man, a woman fair—
  By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
  With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
  Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne—
  With many a servant girl.

Spur and Saddle;

OR,

LIFE ON A CATTLE RANCH.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

No. VIII.—Unwelcome Visitors.

The wild, wailing sound arose from apparently within arm's length, yet nothing could be seen save the shifting shadows as the night wind caused the flames of the camp-fire to dance and flicker, no sound save that weird, unearthly cry, the moaning among the tree-tops, the suspicious snorting and angry pawing of the startled horses.

Then it was that Arthur and Ross Duncan showed the good blood that filled their veins. Back to back they stood before the lean-to, with ready pistols and knives, awaiting the attack of the unknown foe. If their faces were paler, if their hearts beat faster than usual, it was through excitement, not fear.

A dark shape came toward them, and at a warning word from Arthur, two revolvers covered it, but ere the triggers could be pulled, the shadowy figure vanished, and the low voice of their cousin was heard:

"Don't waste your powder and lead on a friend, boys. I'll show you something a heap better'n that to shoot at, if you'll let me off this time."

"You ought to be more careful, Walt," and Arthur's voice was far from steady as he spoke. "I had you covered, and in another moment—"

"That's all right. Give you my word I expected to find you hid under the blankets, bewailing the unlucky stars that led you out here to fall untimely victims to this Horrible Howler of the Pathless Plains. I'm glad to see you're better grit—"

"Oh, drop that nonsense—what in thunder is it all about, anyway?" impatiently cried Ross.

"I was just thinking—I don't know what I said," and the young ranchero laughed shortly. "It's all right, though, now I know you are to be depended upon. Take your rifles and do just as I do."

Ross gave an impatient snort, but the brothers did as bidden.

"I'm going first," added Walt. "I'll make for that tree, where I shot the wolf, and you must follow when I whistle. If the critter jumps me, don't risk a shot unless you're sure, but wade in with your knives. Understand?"

"*What* critter? Can't you speak out? You say shoot and stab, and all that, while we don't know whether it is a grasshopper or a buck Injun we've got to look out for."

"I don't know much more. It is some sort of an animal, but whether timber wolf or something worse, I can't say. I caught just a glimpse of it sneaking around, after the fresh meat, I reckon."

Walt waited for no more, but glided swiftly toward the tree indicated, his weapons ready for use. They were not needed, just then. If seen by the prowling animal at all, he was unmolested, and uttering the agreed upon signal, he was soon rejoined by the brothers.

"All we can do is to wait here and watch," he muttered, with a slow, searching glance around. "We might find too much if we went skirmishing around in the dark—"

The sentence was never finished. From close behind them came that wailing cry, followed by a faint rustling among the bushes, then all was still.

"That's interesting," muttered Walt, with a forced laugh. "Ten feet further and we would have been close enough to have shaken paws with his bashful majesty! Well, it settles one question; he is not overly anxious to come to close quarters with us, anyway."

Neither Arthur nor Ross spoke. They were new to such experience, and though their feelings were not those of fear, they could not trust their tongues to utter commonplace words.

"I see him!" softly muttered the young ranchero, after a few minutes of silent waiting and watching. "Just to the right of that stunted elm—ha!"

Even as he spoke, a long, gaunt body shot through the air, over the glowing camp-fire, and struck with a heavy shock against the hanging carcasses of the prong-horns. A momentary swaying to and fro, then the fastenings gave way, and both fell heavily to the ground.

"Now!" grated Walt. "Take him behind the fore leg, but wait until I give the word. Ready? fire!"

As one explosion the triple report rung out, and the cousins sprung to one side, clear of the smoke, revolvers in hand; but there was no need of a second volley.

At the report the wild beast reared upon its hind feet with an ear-splitting screech, pawing the air furiously for a moment, then leaped high up, turning a half summerset and falling head first into the fire. A spasmodic kick that scattered the blazing brands in every direction, rolled the creature out of the fire, where it lay quivering in death.

The boys advanced slowly, but their caution was needless. The formidable creature was dead; two bullets entered behind its right shoulder, emerging upon the left side of its neck, while Walt had planted his lead back of the ear, into the beast's brain.

"It is a panther, I reckon," and the young ranchero laughed a little proudly as he arose from the examination. "I did not believe there were any in these parts. There hasn't been one killed near here since I can remember. We'd better skin it now; it'll be easier work than in the morning, even if the wolves were to let it alone. We'll need the skin to show when we tell the story, too."

The brothers were willing enough, but Walt soon begged them to leave the work to him, lest the hide should be ruined.

"You don't reckon there's many more of them around, do you?" suddenly asked Ross, as a low, mournful howl came to their ears.

"There's your answer," laughed the young ranchero. "When the coyotes give voice, you can swear that there is nothing more dangerous around. You might range these diggings until you were gray-headed, and never meet another of these gentlemen. He strayed down from the mountains, I suppose; but he woke up the wrong family when he tackled us."

Boys will be boys, and, under the circumstances, we can't blame the young fellows if they indulged in not a little boasting and self-glorification.

The panther was skinned and stretched temporarily between two saplings. Then, changing the horses' position once more, and renewing the fire, the cousins returned to their blankets and bed of leaves.

But not to sleep. Possibly their recent adventure had something to do with it, but the constant yelping, barking and howling of the prairie wolves was doubly irritating now. The pestiferous brutes seemed bent on making ample amends for their brief silence when the lordly panther was prowling around. Each wolf seemed possessed of a dozen throats, each throat emitting a never-ending sound more diabolical than all the rest combined. Even Walt, accustomed as he was to these prairie concerts, could not sleep, but turned uneasily from side to side, finally sitting up with an explosive sentence far more forcible than pious.

"Worse than the panther, a blamed sight!" muttered Ross, disgustedly. "I'm going to spoil a thousand or two of them screeching whelps, if my powder only holds out!"

"Don't you do it," interrupted Walt. "It'll only be time and ammunition wasted. I'll show you a little trick worth a dozen o' that. Strange I didn't think of trying it before. Better late than never, though. Take your knife and cut off a chunk of goat meat."

Wondering what new kink the young ranchero had got hold of now, Ross obeyed.

"Now cut it up into chunks about the size of a hen's egg," continued Walt, turning out the contents of his pockets upon the blanket. "Look out for eyes, and whenever you see a pair, throw a piece of meat at it."

"You don't mean to quiet them by feeding?" and Arthur opened his big eyes in astonishment.

"I mean to stuff one of them so full he won't want any thing more to eat in a hurry," laughed Walt.

"What's one, where there's seventeen hundred million of the pesky brutes?" sniffed Ross, viciously hurling a piece of meat at a pair of glowing eyes.

"Just give me a chance, and I'll prove that I'm not quite the fool you seem to think. 'There's more ways than one to kill a cat.'"

While speaking, the young ranchero was not idle. From an old cap-box, he extracted half a dozen fish-hooks, and bound the shanks firmly together in two bunches, so that they formed a miniature grapnel. He thrust the barb of one hook firmly into a piece of meat, then, with a bit of string, bound the shanks in place. The other grapnel was secured in a like manner to the opposite side, but so that the two uncovered barbs turned in the contrary direction to the hooks first secured.

"Now, then, my infernal machine is all ready," and Walt laughed aloud at the puzzled expression with which the brothers regarded his contrivance. "Give the four-legged nightingales a fresh bait, now."

Three bits of meat, among which was the infernal machine, went flying out among the howling wolves. There was a scuffle, a snapping snarl or two, then the hungry beasts squatted upon their haunches just upon the edge of the circle of light.

"Well, I don't see anything—" began Ross, but then he *did* see!

One of the coyotes started forward with a most unearthly howl, clawing at its open mouth with frantic energy. As this did not relieve it, it darted away as though striving to run from the biting devil in its throat, yelling at every leap, closely followed by the rest with such a deafening din that the boys involuntarily stopped their ears.

"That poor devil will run until it chokes to death, and the rest will follow. By morning there'll not be a wolf, big or little, within fifty miles of this. You can sleep, now, all you want," said Walt.

His words were true. Not another yelp of wolf was heard that night, and ten minutes after the hideous chorus died away in the distance, the boys were soundly sleeping.

[To be continued—commenced in No. 1.]



THE AVALANCHE.

The Avalanche.

The terms "ground" and "dust" avalanches are applied to different varieties of snow slips or slides. They are avalanches properly so called, and the effects produced by them are vastly more disastrous than those caused by ice avalanches, as they will frequently descend to inhabited regions and mow down thousands of trees—whole forests—at a blow, overthrow solid buildings, and bury up entire hamlets. Even the wild animals that make the mountain's side their home, that are accustomed to the changing seasons, and alive to the perils that menace them, are sometimes surprised and overwhelmed by these snow scourges. Notwithstanding their fleetness, the sure-footed and agile chamois perish like less gifted quadrupeds, and their skeletons or carcasses are sometimes found in the spring-time imbedded in avalanches. Instances have been known, too, of chamois being snowed up and starved to death near the trunks of trees, beneath whose branches they had sought shelter. The branches, pressed down to the ground by the weight of the snow, have inclosed them as it were in a cage, and prevented their escape. Such cases, however, are rare, though it is common enough for chamois to take up their abode underneath fir-trees in the winter-time.

Birds like the grouse and ptarmigan often perish in the snow. They frequently dive under it, when it is loose, either to take refuge from the cold, or from some winged enemy, and if it be toward evening when they enter it, they remain until the morning. Should then a sharp frost come on during the night, a hard crust is formed on the surface, through which the birds find it impossible to penetrate, and they then die of hunger.

Besides birds and chamois, even larger animals, such as deer, are at times entrapped in falling snow; although, from their not being denizens of lofty mountain ranges, they are exposed merely to imitations of Alpine avalanches, and the fleecy clouds that envelop them do no more harm than perhaps to cover them for a few moments. Such an event is depicted in the accompanying engraving.

Slowly wending their way among the passes of the Scottish hills, a number of red deer are seeking better pasturing ground. They anticipate no danger in the rocky defile, and the antlered leader of the little band moves carelessly along with lowered head, intent, apparently, only upon the eatable articles he may be able to gather. The more timid hinds frequently lift their graceful heads, and throwing their pointed ears forward, snuff the pure fresh breeze in order to detect any danger that may be lurking near.

So the deer move on, to incur a danger they are unable, with all their powers of sight and scent, to guard against. But a little distance before them, rising above the narrow ledge that forms a winding path at its base, a huge cliff towers upward, bearing aloft a mantle of unsullied white. Harmless enough it appears in the sunlight, and gives no evidence of its speedy release from the mountain's side. Yet, as the deer approach, a few stones come hurtling down, as the snow-field begins to yield, and as they bound from side to side the buck stops, and tossing his armed head, blows sharply through his nostrils as he gazes at the falling rocks, while the hinds crowd timidly about him. But all is soon silent again, and the animals proceed on their way with confidence restored. As they arrive beneath the cliff an indistinct, uncertain, murmuring sound is heard, and then suddenly, with the sound of distant thunder, the whole side of the hill seems moving toward the valley, and in a thick, tossing, fleecy cloud the snow descends upon the luckless deer. Apprised too late of their danger, with frantic leaps they endeavor to escape; but the snow-fall is all about them, and bears them to the earth with its weight. However, struggling desperately, they soon cut through the yielding mass with their sharp hoofs, and although at first half stunned as they emerge into the sunlight again, yet they soon gather their senses and bound along the path, happy to have escaped such unexpected danger.

These avalanches, of course, are only possible in mountainous regions. In the Rocky Mountains and all the outlying chains, the "snow-slides," as they are there named, are of frequent occurrence; but our deer do not so much seek the covert of the hills as the deer in Europe. They suffer, however, by the terrible snow-falls which often sweep over the whole vast game ground, stretching from the frigid forests of Alaska and British America to the plains of Texas. Often whole herds of deer and buffalo are actually snowed under and thousands perish. The deer, being fleet-footed, suffer less than the heavier game; but, what with these storms and the slaughter made by hunters—now so readily transported to the hunting-grounds by railway—the herds are rapidly dwindling in size and number, and, before many years, it will be necessary to go to the remotest "Great North Woods" to find the game in plenty. Those woods—reaching from Northern Minnesota to the Pacific, are a magnificent game *preserve*, where, for generations, the deer of all Northern species and the buffalo will find a secure retreat.

Humor Graphics.

SHONNY, DON'D YOU HEAR ME?

BY OOFTY GOOFTY.

Shonny, my poy, come here by me
  Und say your lesson oud,
Und dell me somedings dot you know,
  Und vat you'fe peen aboud.
Bymeby you'm goin' to peen a man,
  Und you musd dake my blace,
Und sell der Bier und such a dings
  Ven der ground is on my face.

You know, my son, ve all musd die,
  Somedime or oder, dead,
Und dill dot comes dot's bedder ve
  Hafe knowledge in our head.
So just come here und dold me now
  Somedings, so I can see
Vat you'm learnin' efery day—
  Come here und sot by me.

Come! Don'd you hear? (He doesn'd mofe).
  Did you hear me speak jusd now?
Come, gwickness, Shonny. Of you don'd,
  Dere's goin' to peen a row.
Loweesa, go und got dot glub
  Dot hangs oud on der rack;
I am dot Shonny's Farder, bud
  I'm 'bliged to preak his pack.

I'll show dot feller dot he can'd
  Mit me pud on some airs;
I'll pead his life mitin a inch,
  Und kick him up der shdairs.
Oh ho! you'm comin' now. Ah ha!
  Vy didn'd you com pefore?
You didn'd heard me? Vell, all righd;
  Go blay oudside der door.—*Telegram.*

Natural History.

IN SMALL CHUNKS, FOR SMALL PEOPLE.

This is a dog.
Do you see the dog?
He looks as natural as life.

The dog is called by some, man's most faithful servant. One or two instances have been known where a dog frightened away a thief or bit an agent. They have also been known to bark at the moon and thus prevent it falling and dashing the earth to pieces. If it wasn't for dogs we shouldn't know what to do with our old oyster cans. You can now ask any questions you desire.

"How large is a dog?"

"Well, that depends. If he's running away from you he looks about the size of a gallon jug, but if he's coming *at* you he looks as large as a yearling calf."

"Do dogs guard the house?"

"Yes; particularly the kitchen door. Nothing hurts a dog's feelings so much as to have his master think he's waiting for bones, instead of being there on guard."

"Can a dog take a hint?"

"Yes. As soon as one sees a farmer coming across the fields with a gun he knows that killing sheep is over for that morning, and away he goes."

"Are dogs very strong?"

"You'd think they could pull a saw-log to judge by the amount of howling they will do between dusk and daybreak, but the minute a boy wants a ride on his sled the family dog is troubled with heart disease and general weakness."

"Can dogs find their way home from long distances?"

"It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of he can find his way back home from California. If it's a good one he's apt to get lost if he goes round the corner."

"Can dogs see in the dark?"

"Some appear to, but instances are not rare where dogs, commanded to rush out and devour the fellow hooking wood, have rushed under the bed by mistake—and stayed there. That's all about dogs.—*Free Press.*

The Hydrant Pump.

He knew all about farming: it was only when in the midst of the city bustle that he felt a little queer. He was in town yesterday, and was walking on the street, hand in hand with his sister. Something attracted his attention a little way ahead, and all the talking of his companion about the beauties of the shop-windows had no effect on him. "I swan!" he said, and wandered like one entranced toward a hydrant which a man was turning on. The man was turning the screw at the top slowly, and the water was rushing out.

"I say, boss," said our friend, "what kind of a pump is that?"

"A hydrant pump," said the man.

"A hydrant pump? Did Mr. Hydrant patent that? Say, how much did one of them cost? I swan, if that don't beat all!"

"Only five dollars," said the man, and he kept slowly moving the screw as if that little effort produced the big stream. "You go right down here till you come to a hardware store, and they will sell you one."

He went with the fire of expectation in his eye.—*Rochester Express.*

A Generous Partner.

"Have you seen my pardner?" asked an excited man on Virginia street, Reno, of every other person he met. The man was red with rage and the gleam of battle shone from his eye. Another man came along with hat on the back of his head, hair "banged," eyes inflamed and step unsteady. The first darted at him, seized his arm, shook him vindictively and bawled:

"So here ye are, eh?"

"Ullo Jim," said the captured one, waking up and running his hand across his eyes.

"Don't Jim me!" roared the other, "I know what ye've been at. Drinkin' and gamblin' ag'in, I'll bet. I knowed you would, torment ye fur the darnedest fool in Nevayday. How much did ye lose?"

"Cleaned out slick," admitted the culprit.

"Cleaned out!" screamed Jim. "Cleaned out! Now what in blazes am I a-going to do this winter? Gen'lemen," he said, turning to the crowd, "I was sick in Arizona, when I took up with this feller for a pardner. I had no money an' he stood by me, and it made me sort o' grateful, fur I'm one o' the soft-hearted kind. Well, gen'lemen, we hoofed it together all the way to Reno, living together like brothers. He got work here an' I couldn't get none, an' he's been the only thing between me an' starvation sence we came here. An' now what does he go an' do with his first month's wages? Drinks an' gambles 'em. What am I goin' to do this winter, ye villain!" he cried, seizing the wasteful wretch with both hands this time.

"Dern it, Jim, ole man," he whined, ready to cry, "don't be too rough on a feller. I'm no 'count I 'low, an' ye ought to belt me, but don't you feel skeery; I kin rastle yer hash if I go with nothin' under my own belt, ye can bet yer boots on that."

"Well, if you gimme yer word on that," said James, softening considerably, "dern my hide if I don't stick by ye. Gimme yer hand, Bob. I don't go back on no old pard. Shake; why I know how it is with whisky and keerds. I've been one o' the boys myself."

They shook hands, and Bob, overcome at the generosity of Jim, shed grateful tears as he led the way to a saloon.—*Rochester Express.*